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MR. FAWCETT.

THE expressions of regret which were caused on both sides of the House of Commons by the melancholy news which reached Westminster last Thursday evening had an exceptionally sincere and unconventional ring. Fortunately, however, for our English public life, one may safely say that even the most formal and least heartfelt of such utterances contains a larger ingredient of genuine feeling than is traceable in the ordinary ceremonial regrets of public assemblies for the loss of a distinguished member. When an English politician expresses not only respect but regard for a departed opponent, when he declares that not only will Parliament suffer by the removal of such a one but that he himself and his friends will personally "miss" him, he is generally using no exaggerated language. The last phrase, indeed, is in all probability literally true; and the reason of its truth is not far to seek. It belongs partly to the essential, and partly to the accidental, characteristics of our political life. It is not merely a result of the happy circumstance that our party conflicts leave little or no bitterness behind; it is due also, in a measure, to the fact that our peculiar methods of transacting business are calculated to give much greater prominence to the consultative than to the contentious aspect of Parliamentary life. Among the English members of the House of Commons, indeed, and more emphatically so among members of the official and ex-official caste, the habitual relations subsisting between politicians far more closely resemble those which prevail among a board of directors or the committee of an association than any of a less amicable, even of a professionally less amicable, kind. The illusion, indeed, is sustained as between the Treasury and the front Opposition bench by that "substantial piece of furniture" to which Mr. DISRAELI once humorously referred. The table of the House of Commons is something more, however, than a protective barrier; it is a positive peacemaker. Paradoxical as it may appear to prefer that our public men should on occasion bitterly assail each other across a table than that they should at stated intervals preach at each other, so to speak, from a tribune, there can be no doubt that the former method is more conducive to amity of relations in the long run. Our system brings opponents nearer together for all purposes, and we must remember that it is only when enemies are within striking distance of each other that they are near enough to shake hands.

In this sense it would be true that any face as familiar as Mr. FAWCETT's would be missed as well by adversaries as by comrades in the House of Commons; and that any politician as well known and eminent, even if not so popular as he was, would have left behind him among the assembly a perceptible sense of loss. But to limit oneself to this in speaking of the late POSTMASTER-GENERAL would be grievously to understate the case. The deceased politician possessed, indeed, a singular variety of exceptional claims upon the respectful memory of his associates in public life. The indomitable resolution, the cheerful fortitude, the unwearied patience and unflinching courage, which alone could have enabled a man to fight his way to the front of political life under the burden of so terrible a calamity as befell Mr. FAWCETT at the very outset of his career, are qualities which have honour among all communities of men, but especially among the English. It would be impossible for any man to have compassed the extraordinary success under

extraordinary difficulties which was achieved by Mr. FAWCETT without attracting to himself the admiration and respect of his own countrymen; but it would have been by no means impossible—it is rather, indeed, the rule, we fear—for a man so cruelly tried by adverse fate in his ascent of the "difficult steep" to fail in arousing any warmer feeling than respect and admiration among his fellow-men. The uses of adversity may be in one sense sweet, but they are seldom sweetening. A lifelong misfortune which only serves to brace a vigorous will may at the same time sour even a healthy temperament, and the spirit which refuses to succumb to it too often emerges from the struggle triumphant, indeed, but sorely marred. The victorious soldier fresh from the conflict is a figure to be honoured, but often not to be willingly embraced, by men. It was the peculiar distinction of Mr. FAWCETT that he not only won the battle, but came out of it morally unscathed. The defeated enemy had left no wounds upon his heart, had shorn away no grace of character. Mr. FAWCETT never showed moroseness or petulance, envy of the happier fate of others, or too much pride in his conquest of his own. His entire freedom from any tendency towards these failings was justly rewarded by a measure of political success which was certainly not greater than his general deserts, and which has often been equalled, if not surpassed, by many men of inferior quality to himself. Ever since his appointment to the Post Office he has grown, it is no exaggeration to say, as rapidly in Parliamentary reputation as in public esteem. And thus while the country has to lament the loss of one of the most able and diligent administrators who have ever filled his important office, the House of Commons, on its own part, loses a man who, as Lord HARTINGTON truly said, commanded "not only the respect, but even the affection," of the whole Assembly.

EGYPT.

IT is, no doubt, very much to be regretted that the *Times* should have published, as it did, the circumstantial account of the fall of Khartoum which agitated London and England at the beginning of the present week. Putting the gravity of the news itself out of the question, the introduction of the QUEEN's name and that of the PRINCE OF WALES, without, as was subsequently shown, any authority or truth, violated a principle so clear and so universally understood and recognized among all journalists who hold by the better traditions of English journalism, that the affair is very nearly unintelligible. Less difficult to understand, but not less to be regretted, was the use made of the rumour for electioneering purposes. Apart, however, from the merely curious question of the circumstances under which the report was made and to all appearance authenticated, there is the further question, much more than curious, of its truth. At present it is impossible to say that it was a false report. Its supposed warranties were not as they were stated to be, and that is all. It has not been contradicted, for the reassuring despatches from Sir EVELYN BARING and Lord WOLSELEY merely come to this—that one has not had it confirmed, and the other thinks it improbable. It is scarcely necessary to be representative of England at Cairo or commander of an expeditionary force at Dongola in order to arrive at such negative or hypothetical advantages of information. Meanwhile, no one has

even attempted to show what the wrecked steamer which, with or without Colonel STEWART, came to misfortune on the river was doing in the place where she was if nothing had happened at Khartoum; and no one has attempted—no one can attempt—to show that the Government have done anything to make the truth of the report impossible or improbable. Against the protest loudly made at the time by all competent critics in England; against, as is now known, the express warning of General GORDON as to the importance of Berber, they allowed that place to be carried by the rebels when they could easily have made it good. With Berber was lost not merely the command of the river route, but the means of ascertaining what was going on at Khartoum.

It is unnecessary and idle to speculate on the probability of events which the Government has by neglect done everything in its power to bring about, and at the same time to hide from the country. We know, of course, that the natives of Egypt, like the gypsies, their would-be descendants, "can gar news flee through the country like a foot—ba'an they like," and that is all. It is, however, worth while to insist on the responsibility of the Government, because the telegraph has had an effect of a peculiar kind on the public estimate of that responsibility, which was scarcely, though it might have been, anticipated, and which is of evil influence. Misfortunes of the class of Colonel STEWART's death and General GORDON's capture are rumoured, reported, denied, and again rumoured so often that all freshness is taken off the public feeling in the matter. Already, for instance, Colonel STEWART's death is taken as a kind of matter of course, and whereas if the news of it had arrived straight and certain, with no preliminaries, it would assuredly have aroused a lively feeling of popular indignation, that indignation is now for the most part "discounted," and many men when it is confirmed (if it unfortunately is confirmed) will shrug their shoulders, and add it to the long list of Government iniquities and imbecilities, without any very lively sensation on a matter so constantly the theme of telegraphic assertions and telegraphic denials. The fall of Khartoum, though undoubtedly not quite in the same case, is in something of the same. Now, it is evident that this is a public misfortune, inasmuch as it tends to protect the malefactors from the consequence of their evil-doing. It cannot, of course, be prevented; the telegraph, like other contents of PANDORA's box, has escaped that box and cannot be shut up again. The only cure is to make up for the blunting of the public sensibility by setting matters clearly before the public reason. It may be an old story already that Colonel STEWART has fallen; it may be on the way to being an old story that General GORDON is a prisoner. But whether these things unhappily so happen, or whether Providence protects both of these brave Englishmen against Mr. GLADSTONE's neglect, Mr. GLADSTONE's neglect itself is likely to be an ever-new story unless means are taken to put an end to it.

In the exercise of the discretion of the Opposition leaders, serious Parliamentary discussion of Egyptian affairs has been put off from the debate on the Address to the debate on the Vote of Credit. The subject is of course of as much more importance than the Franchise Bill as a national is more important than a party concern. But there are perhaps some considerations which for once justify the Opposition in yielding to the Government desire. In the desultory remarks which have been made on the subject in both Houses, it is at least satisfactory to find that Lord WOLSELEY's instructions have hardly been defended by any non-official speaker of importance, and that there is an evident desire in Ministerial quarters to represent those instructions as construable in a less disastrous sense than they bear on the face of them. The reported compromise with the MAHDI has been officially denied; and it is, perhaps, not unworthy of notice that the compliment paid to the Mudir of DONGOLA is investiture with the Order of St. MICHAEL and St. GEORGE. That Order is understood to be reserved mainly, if not wholly, for Colonial subjects of England and for English officials who have distinguished themselves by services in the Colonies and dependencies other than India. Either, therefore, the selection of this Order for a personage who is already the most powerful man next to the MAHDI in the districts which Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to cut off from Egypt, and who is the most probable candidate for the projected office of subsidized chief of the Upper Nile, has been singularly thoughtless and maladroit, or the policy of scuttling is intended to undergo some remarkable modification. It may be hoped that the latter is the true

view; and, if so, the Order of St. MICHAEL and St. GEORGE has never since its not very remote foundation been more appropriately bestowed. But, though Orders are very good things, we cannot restore peace on the Nile, still less rescue General GORDON and such of his companions as remain to be rescued, with Orders. St. GEORGE must come to the rescue of the Ethiopian Princess in some other way than by ribbons. And here the language of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE is far from encouraging. It is characteristic of the present Government, after saving itself at a crisis by the declaration that it would rescue the Egyptian garrisons, to construe the pledge at a later time as meaning that it would rescue those garrisons which appeared to be in a condition to rescue themselves. But some allowance may be, perhaps, fairly made for a Government which is distracted by the fear of offending the Radical non-interventionists too deeply and too openly. A good deal may be done by pressure, and there is much consolation in the thought that Lord WOLSELEY is very careful of his own popularity, and by no means unlikely in its interest to commit the Government, for their own good, much further than they professedly wish to be committed. It is perfectly easy for him to do so, and in doing it he would not only consult his own reputation, but would be doing the highest service to his country, and carrying out the best traditions of the English army. Unfortunately the continuance of the policy of denying that anything sensible is being done, while nevertheless permitting the doing of it, is working more of the harm which it has already worked during the whole matter. If the Mudir of DONGOLA had, when he first asked for it, received a hundredth part of the help which is now being sent him, General GORDON and his suite would be in safety, the garrison of Khartoum at least, if not also of other places, would have been rescued, and the entire Soudan would not improbably have been pacified. But it appears to be the maxim of the Government not only that everything must be done too late, but that even when it is done, half the good effect must be frustrated by a denial of intentions which are the only intentions compatible with the action. Such tortuous folly is barely conceivable, but it unfortunately appears to be a fact.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

THE excitement caused in the United States by the Presidential contest culminated in a succession of contradictory reports. At the last moment it is yet uncertain whether Mr. BLAINE or Mr. CLEVELAND has won; and the interest of the close struggle naturally superseded for the time all speculation on the consequences which may follow the decision. A Presidential election has often been compared to a race in which, while it lasts, the desire of victory is wholly independent of all other considerations. The struggle has raised many irrelevant issues; but its main interest arose from the secession to the Democratic party of a highly respectable section of the Republicans. Their objection to Mr. BLAINE, whether or not it was founded on demonstrative facts, was undoubtedly sincere. His opponents may perhaps, when the contest is at last decided, regret their attacks on his personal character. Patriotic Americans can scarcely feel satisfaction in the belief that a President, or even a Presidential nominee, has been guilty of vulgar dishonesty. There was less uncertainty and there was no petty scandal in the accusation that Mr. BLAINE was one of the most adroit and practised of election managers, and that he was not disposed to promote the purity of the public service. If a politician of the same order had been nominated by the Democrats, no Republican would have undergone the disagreeable experience of joining for the occasion a hostile party. Before the Democratic Convention at Chicago the Independent Republicans plainly intimated their preference for Mr. CLEVELAND, who had proved his earnestness in the cause of Civil Service reform. During his term of office a Bill was passed by the New York Legislature for the transfer to the Mayor of the city of New York of the patronage which he had up to that time shared with the Court of Aldermen. The expectation that corruption would be most effectually prevented by concentrating responsibility on a single person has already been justified by experience. The Aldermen had notoriously used their powers for party or personal objects; and the Governor, in giving his sanction to the Bill, showed that his devotion to the principles which he professed was genuine and sincere. The

Independent Republicans would have preferred a member of their own party if he had secured the nomination; but the managers of their Convention deliberately preferred a professional manager of elections, who would certainly continue the hackneyed policy of distributing the spoils among the victors.

Another kind of corruption has been practised on a large scale by the Republicans, and possibly by some of their opponents. The sums which are spent in Presidential contests might astonish by their magnitude the less ambitious English practitioners who once employed, or personated, the ubiquitous "Man in the Moon." The nature of the expenditure is not clearly understood by foreigners. The voters are too numerous to be separately bribed, and much money is applied to the printing and circulation of party documents, and to the organization of meetings and processions; but a large balance remains, and treasurers and paymasters are not called to a strict account. The only political influence which the richer classes can exercise in American public affairs is derived from their ability and willingness to subscribe to the cost of elections. It seems that a party derives a certain credit from the belief that it includes wealthy and squeezable citizens. Mr. BLAINE's partisans in New York lately adopted an odd method of displaying their resources of this kind. Their candidate was entertained at the most celebrated restaurant in the city by a company which, according to the Republican papers, collectively possessed a hundred millions sterling. The pretext for the celebration was an alleged wish to exhibit the confidence which was reposed in Mr. BLAINE by the commercial, or rather the speculative, class. Mr. JAY GOULD, who is not supposed to have amassed his vast fortune in the ordinary course of industry, was a conspicuous attendant at the dinner. That the object of the meeting was twofold appeared by the collection among the assembled capitalists of 100,000*l.* towards the expenses of the campaign. There seems to be a certain want of tact in the advertisement of Mr. BLAINE's intimate connexion with the railway jobbers and money-dealers, whose practices he is said by his enemies to have shared; but possibly a section of the constituency may have been dazzled by the collective wealth which was represented on the occasion.

It seems probable that the outlay on the election included a large item for the expenses of a second candidate. General BUTLER continued without possibility of success his canvass as the supposed nominee and favourite of the Greenback faction down to the eve of the election. His reputation for astuteness relieves him from the suspicion of having wasted time and energy in a hopeless enterprise. As the only effect of his candidature can have been to detach a certain number of Democrats from the supporters of the regular nominee, the statement that General BUTLER is subsidized by the supporters of Mr. BLAINE is easily credible. No such charge is made against the Prohibitionist candidate, Mr. ST. JOHN, who has introduced a similar cause of division among the Republican ranks. It will probably appear when the votes are analysed that a mere fraction of the whole number was wasted on impossible candidates.

Mr. BLAINE may perhaps have been well advised for the purposes of the election in reviving the painful memories of the Civil War; but the Democrats naturally complain of his appeal to prejudices and associations which are wholly obsolete. The calculation that there was nothing to lose in the South, and that there might possibly be some gain in the North, was sufficient to explain Mr. BLAINE's avowed hostility to a third or fourth part of the American community. One of his too zealous followers included in the denunciation of the adverse party the opponents of prohibitive liquor laws and the Irish Catholics as well as the Southern States. The Democratic party, as he epigrammatically declared, represented "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It would be interesting to learn whether such polemical eloquence gains or loses the votes of reasonable citizens. It is not surprising that the Republicans, having a permanent majority in the energetic and populous Northern States, resent the immovable solidity, as it is called, of the Southern vote. It was only in Western Virginia, which, except in geographical position, may be considered a portion of the North, that the Republicans hoped to obtain a genuine majority. The disreputable faction or coalition in the old State of Virginia which professes the doctrine of repudiation seems to have been indebted to accident for its temporary predominance. It is not necessary to believe the vague stories which

are told of the methods by which the white citizens of the South control elections, even where the coloured population is most numerous. It is possible that in some cases violence and intimidation may have been attempted; but the political unanimity of the South is sufficiently explained by the natural supremacy of the higher race.

The Democratic party had in the late contest the great advantage of controlling the House of Representatives. It was known that, if neither party obtained an absolute majority of votes for Presidential electors, Mr. CLEVELAND would be preferred by the House. It was therefore only necessary that he should secure a greater number of votes than his principal competitor; and he could afford to disregard the possible success in one or two States of such a candidate as General BUTLER. The Democratic Representatives would welcome the opportunity of exhibiting their full strength in a strictly party division. In dealing with questions relating to the tariff and to revenue they have been almost always divided among themselves. It is not a little remarkable that in the late contest the supporters of Free-trade have never ventured to avow their opinions. The Republicans have had the advantage of propounding theories which, however unsound, are intelligible and distinct. Their adversaries have been apparently ashamed of their creed, or rather they have thought that it was not acceptable to the constituency. In the dialect of election managers, the opponents of monopoly are said to be in the pay of English manufacturers. The Cobden Club or some similar body has furnished the Democrats of the Eastern States with funds for the Presidential campaign. It must be supposed that there are voters so ignorant and so credulous that it is worth while to invent for their benefit the most outrageous figments. It may, perhaps, be difficult to convince even intelligent Americans that the contest has been watched in England with only legitimate curiosity, and with a disinterested wish that the best candidate may be elected. If there has been a leaning to Mr. CLEVELAND, the preference is founded on the belief that he is hostile to corruption. The foreign policy of Mr. BLAINE, during his tenure of office as Secretary of State, has in this country been almost forgotten.

THE FRANCHISE QUESTION.

STRAIGHTFORWARD readers of their newspapers may be puzzled to discover in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech of Thursday night the moderation and prudence which have been found in it by some critics. They may have thought that Mr. GLADSTONE had thrown all prudence and all idea of compromise to the winds, and had complied with the noisy clamour of the baser folk among his adherents. His words seem to show on the face of them how idle has been the cry that an unreasonable Opposition is seeking to humiliate a Government willing to make concessions, but desirous not to concede too much. When Mr. GLADSTONE began to speak on Thursday, he might have been thought to be exposing of deliberate purpose the absurdity of Sir CHARLES DILKE's plea for moderation on Tuesday. The sacred subjects of Franchise and Redistribution must not only not be combined; even simultaneous discussion is impossible and intolerable. Only the rope fully weaved and placed in Mr. GLADSTONE's hands, the pistol loaded and cocked, will be sufficient to get Redistribution through Parliament. This attitude at once puts the Government entirely in the wrong if it be maintained. But its maintenance is, at least, uncertain, and the tenor of the rest of the PREMIER's speech is somewhat inconsistent with it, though the whole utterance leaves matters very much as they were. The tone of the beginning may have been due to the fact that something had to be done to gratify the extreme No-surrender Radicals; something, perhaps, also to counterbalance the rapid and ignominious capitulation to Mr. COWEN which the Government executed in the course of a few hours. That capitulation was itself in curious contrast with the cock-a-hoop tone of Ministers at the ceremony of founding the National Liberal Club. The Ministry saved itself from defeat on a vital point by abandoning its position on the very day of these vaunting speeches. The contrast is, as has been said, curious, the comment is even more instructive. On points of real and serious business no Government has ever been less able to carry the country, the House of Commons, or even its own members, with it than Mr. GLADSTONE's. It was plumply

and plainly defeated on the BRADLAUGH matter; it escaped defeat on the CHILDERS-LESSEPS agreement only by a more rapid and complete surrender than that which it has just executed in the matter of the Shipping Commission; in matters of general Egyptian policy it has again and again evaded a hostile vote with the greatest possible difficulty, and only by the aid of constant twistings and turnings. It has shed its members and its measures with an ease and a power of surviving the process which is no doubt remarkable and interesting, but which chiefly suggests the habits of animals not usually ranked very high in the scale of animated nature. The only point on which it has been able to get up a semblance of enthusiasm is the factitious cry of Parliamentary Reform, and this at once explains the raising of that cry and the persistence in it. In the sober government of the country, in the management of its foreign possessions, in the direction of its domestic affairs, Mr. GLADSTONE has heaped blunder on blunder, and disgrace on disgrace, but he has been able to disorganize and threaten its institutions to some purpose. He has proved himself, by his own confession, unable to manage the House of Commons, but he has been tolerably successful in getting up a cry against the House of Lords. He has not been able, or has not cared, to defend British interests or further British prosperity, but any Briton who is disposed to accept a vote in satisfaction of all demands may have it with Mr. GLADSTONE's warmest good will.

The speeches to which reference has been made, as well as that of Sir CHARLES DILKE at a meeting in Westminster on Tuesday evening, strengthen the impression of the unreality, not to say the disingenuousness, of the Ministerial cry for Reform. Not only is there, as there always has been, the completest absence of any attempt to justify by argument either the introduction of the Reform question at this particular time, or the choice of the particular form that the introduction has taken, but the expressions which take the place of argument go further in misrepresentation than usual. For instance, Sir CHARLES DILKE is, of course, an honourable man, and Sir CHARLES DILKE comes forward before an excited audience, composed necessarily in part of ignorant persons, and says that compromise has gone as far as it can go on the Ministerial side. Yet no one knows better than Sir CHARLES DILKE that not one single offer of compromise, not one hint at any, even the smallest, receding from the position originally taken up, or advance towards that taken up by the Opposition, has been made by himself, or any other member of the Ministry, with the exception of Lord HARTINGTON's doubtful, and by his colleagues unendorsed, suggestions of a few weeks since. The points which Sir CHARLES calls advances and compromises are points in the original Government scheme as offered to the House of Commons last spring. That is to say, according to Sir CHARLES, that scheme was an ultimatum, and yet he calls it a compromise. Such language, if deliberately used by a person of competent intellectual abilities, could receive only one description, and that description would be the ugly word dishonest. So it must, of course, be concluded that, Sir CHARLES DILKE being an honourable man, he has been completely blinded to the nature and purport of his statements by the heat of a party contest, or by having fixed his attention so exclusively on the end that he has been unable to spare any for the character of the means.

The temper into which Ministers seem to have wrought themselves and their supporters appears to be alarming to some of those very shortsighted Liberals who, after strongly disapproving beforehand the course which the Government is pursuing, suddenly converted themselves to its support, and have now discovered, it may be hoped not too late, that they are supporting a revolutionary movement and not a constitutional demand. The mood is salutary, though it is impossible to say how long it may last in persons to whom political zigzagging appears to be the height of political wisdom. Despite the violence of Government speakers and the cheers of Radical audiences, there are still no signs whatever of the existence of any overwhelming popular feeling. The Scarborough election has rejoiced and, to all appearance, relieved the minds of the supporters of the Government. But even they must have an uncomfortable consciousness that if in a confessedly Liberal borough no impression has been made on the strength of the Tory vote since 1880, while the Liberal majority has decreased largely since the general election, there can scarcely be the *fluxus decumanus* of Radical sentiment which they would fain have us believe is overflowing

the land. To neglect the result of by-elections is as unwise as to bestow too much attention on them; and this particular by-election, if it proves that the Toryism of Scarborough is stationary, certainly does not prove that its Radicalism is advancing in any insupportable fashion. The fact is not unlikely to have had some effect on the speeches of Ministers already referred to, more especially when the significant incident of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's capitulation is remembered. It is above all things important at the present moment that they should (if plain speaking may be allowed) swagger; and the swaggering is being done with much apparent good will. But Mr. GLADSTONE's repetition of his old complaints of the House of Commons can scarcely be thought, even by his friends, to have been very happily chosen. The House of Commons has already twice been reformed in the manner in which Mr. GLADSTONE desires to reform it; yet, *post hoc* certainly, and apparently *propter hoc*, it appears by Mr. GLADSTONE's confession that the more the House of Commons is reformed the less able is it to manage the business of the nation. And at the very time when Mr. GLADSTONE is preparing to administer a new and stronger dose of the medicine which, if only apparently, and by coincidence, has had such a disastrous effect, he is directly or indirectly trying to make the House of Commons more irresponsible than ever by denying the right of the House of Lords to put any check on it, to appeal from it to any other power, to correct its mistakes, to improve its partially good performances. During the last half-century, as is perfectly well known to all honest and impartial students of history, the action of the House of Lords has been, with very few exceptions, uniformly beneficial to the country. Some measures which have done good have been improved; most measures which have done harm have been lessened in harmfulness by that action. Putting disputed political questions of "good" and "harm" aside altogether, its merely practical procedure in amending the chaotic condition in which Bills are constantly sent up from the Lower House, and in giving changes time to adjust themselves to the real wants and wishes of the nation, has been invaluable. The necessity of such an engine could not possibly be demonstrated more clearly than by Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks on the shortcomings of the elected Chamber. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE is at present engaged in practically carrying out the principles which his speech makes so clear is a question which it would be useless to put to himself, and which his colleagues would refuse to answer, though some of them at least would probably answer it truly enough if they chose. But it is not a question for them, it is a question for the nation, and the nation has still time to answer it in the negative. Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday may have helped the answer a little.

KOOT HOOMBOOG.

KOOT HOOMI, the great Mahatma, or Bounding Brother of Thibet, has been pronounced "a mere arrangement of muslin, bladders, and masks." According to his less friendly critics, Mr. GLADSTONE, as a politician, is also "an arrangement of bladders and masks." Perhaps some obscure fellow-feeling in the astral body has led Mr. GLADSTONE this week, according to the newspapers, to visit some of them "that mutter and peep," and who, according to Scripture, should not be visited at all—the modern magicians. Mr. GLADSTONE is reported to have said that perhaps there is something we do not understand about it all, or words to that effect. This is, perhaps, the greatest concession which a sagacious person will make to the pretensions of the Psychicals and the Theosophists of this world. From a very amusing and curious letter from LEWIS MORRIS, Esq., to WILLIAM MORRIS, Esq., published in the old *Gentleman's Magazine*, and edited lately by Mr. GOMME, we learn that in the last century the Welsh gentry could believe almost anything. LEWIS MORRIS, Esq., avows his belief in the "knockers," or dwarfs, or Telchines, which work in the Welsh mines. He asks whether a neighbouring gentleman cannot raise fantastic apparitions of the absent. He observes, by a hasty generalization, that doubtless a great deal can be done by magnetism and electricity. He concludes by remarking that we know so little that we may believe almost anything.

Mme. BLAVATSKY appears to think, and not without reason, that people can still believe almost anything. This excellently courageous lady denies, of course, the letters published by an Indian paper, in which she laughs at her

disciples and explains how it is done. We lately expressed the opinion that the grandmother of Theosophy and Esoteric Buddhism had better disclaim these epistles. She has done so, and all that need be said on the subject is this—Esoteric Buddhism, like Spiritualism and Mesmerism, always gets people into very bad company. Mme. BLAVATSKY may disclaim the Apocryphal Epistles; but she may also think that the lady who printed them, her late friend, Mme. COULOMB, is a slippery person.

Mme. BLAVATSKY says (in an interview with the *Pall Mall Gazette's* young man) that she had "thwarted the 'avarice' of Mme. COULOMB, and then, with all the simplicity of a great nature, had left the thwarted lady 'in charge of all my papers, documents, and correspondence. 'Nor did I deem that she would abuse the trust.' She has abused the trust, and people will find that the acquaintances they make at dark séances and in the rites of patent Thibetan religions generally are not to be relied upon. Mme. BLAVATSKY, criticizing the Apocryphal Epistles, says that she is made to call RAMPALINGA a Mahatma, whereas he is 'only a Chela, as every one knows.' Somehow this suggests a refrain for a music-hall poem—

He's only a Chela, as every one knows.

But, if every one knew it (and we confess that we did not), how did Mme. COULOMB herself, that trusted Esoteric disciple, come to be in ignorance? Mme. BLAVATSKY sums up her defence by "asking, Are we all a pack of self-deceived 'idiots or fraudulent impostors!' By converting the copula *or into and*, Mme. BLAVATSKY will frame a proposition occasionally held in exoteric society. "We make no 'money, we seek no notoriety," she cries; and it can only be replied that she appears to get a great deal that she does not seek for. However, this learned lady (who quotes elegiac verses from LUCRETIVS) has returned to India, whether by P. and O. steamer or spiritual telegraph, whether in the astral body or out of the astral body, we know not. Even people who cannot detect sleight-of-hand tricks might be warned against Esoteric nonsense by the absurd pretensions of its prophets and their exhaustive ignorance of the history of religion and of matters scientific. But the world likes to be deceived.

THE MINISTERIAL SHIPPING DISASTER.

IT has been the fate of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's attempts at legislating for shipping to bring nothing but misfortune on their author and the Ministry. The success of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet in realizing a failure in other things has been considerable; but it has nowhere been so complete as in this branch of its activity. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's efforts to get up an agitation by way of preparation for his Bill fell flat. The Bill as first drafted was found totally unable to stand criticism. When it had been amended into a tolerable measure, the shipowners had so entirely got the better of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE that they were able not only to stave off any Bill at all, but to prepare for a counter-campaign. The Royal Commission which they demanded was certainly not meant only to supply them with the means of preventing too stringent legislation on marine insurance. They expected it to help them to make a more or less thoroughgoing change in the Board of Trade itself. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN knew this so well that he refused to agree to any inquiry by a Commission, and it seemed for a time as if he was going to have at least a part of his way. But it was written that he was not to have his way in even the smallest detail; and the appointment of a Royal Commission was conceded after all. Its history ever since has been worthy of all that came before. So many things have happened, and have been discussed, within these last three months, that most people have probably forgotten how there were serious doubts, about the end of the Session, whether anybody could be found to preside over the Commission, and how stories went about that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself would have to take the post. Then it became a very open question whether, even if a President was forthcoming, there would be any members. A little later the whole thing was as good as forgotten. If not another word had been heard about them, the Bill and the Royal Commission might have gone into the treasury of the Man in the Moon, and nobody, as far as can be seen, would have cared. At the present moment the country is more concerned to inquire how our shipping is to be kept going with satisfactory pecuniary results, than to look into the causes of

shipwrecks, and the means of preventing them. Nothing seems so seriously menaced with total loss at this moment as the whole shipbuilding trade. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, had not forgotten his Bill, or, at least, his hope of one day passing a Bill. When Parliament met, it was known that the Royal Commission was in process of formation, and within the last few days we have learnt that it was ready, President included.

At this point Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's luck played him another malicious trick. No sooner were the names of the Commissioners known with approximate accuracy than the shipowners showed that they also had retentive memories. They had not forgotten what sort of adversary they had to deal with, nor yet how well they had prospered by obstinately opposing him. As usual, too, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had done his best to refresh their memories. He has so managed things from the first that, with a very good case, he has uniformly contrived to put himself in the wrong, and he did not break the rule when he selected the gentlemen who were to be invited to sit on the Commission. There was no fault to find with those actually chosen; but the body had the defect of not containing a single representative of the class which was most interested in the inquiry. The shipowners among the Commissioners belonged to the great passenger-carrying firms, which would scarcely have been touched by the Shipping Bill. The owners of cargo-carrying vessels at once refused to accept a Commission composed in this way as satisfactory. What they had asked for, and thought they were going to obtain, was a Committee which might possibly at least speak for them, not a body of judges who, on the most favourable supposition, could hardly be quite impartial. As Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had fallen back on his old tactics, they betook themselves also to their old weapons, and with all their former success. The shipowners declared, as a body, that they would have nothing to say to a Royal Commission composed in this way. They found that it wanted several more members, or at least different members, and that one who had been named to sit had no business to be there. The superfluous Commissioner was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself. To the shipowners it seemed reasonable enough that there should be at once judges and defendants, but not that the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE should be judge and accuser. Under ordinary circumstances this attitude would have done the shipowners little good. A Royal Commission is not a thing which can be safely defied, and the shipowners show a rather too obvious tendency to treat the whole question as if it touched nothing but their pockets. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had, however, taken care that the circumstances should not be ordinary. He had used his official position to do to his opponents what they would like to do to him, and this perversion of the golden rule had again put him in the wrong. Such an opportunity was not to be missed, and the shipowners availed themselves of it fully. They began by protesting, and then prepared for giving trouble in Parliament. The result has been a repetition of the collapse of the Shipping Bill, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has himself to thank for it if the failure this time is, if not more complete, certainly more ludicrous than on former occasions. Until Tuesday he continued to assert that the Commission should remain as it was. Mr. COWEN was told that the shipowners might have a day to discuss its constitution before the first meeting if they liked, but for the present the Government was too deeply engaged in other matters to listen to these "somewhat unreasonable demands," as the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE did himself the trifling pleasure of calling them after he had yielded. It will take a great deal of experience to teach Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the shipowners are not the sort of persons to be content with getting a good chance of hearing him demonstrate his own fairness of mind, but if he can learn at all, his last lesson ought to have driven the truth into his mind. The shipowners not unnaturally preferred to use the weapon they had chosen themselves, and to fight on their own lines, since they have to fight. They determined to go on with Mr. COWEN's Amendment, and it was reported on good authority that when the division came to be taken, it would be found that there was a majority of not far from thirty-seven on the wrong side. Then, not for the first time in the history of the present Ministry, that which had been declared impossible after breakfast was found quite feasible after lunch. While Mr. COWEN was showing the shipowners Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's most peremptory letter, the Minister himself was getting orders in quite another sense. He had been called up to the Head-master and simply told not to make any more

trouble. What is called in the Ministerial vocabulary an arrangement was of course made at once. The informal Cabinet Council (or whatever it is to be called) in Mr. GLADSTONE's private room repeated the surrender of the treaty with M. DE LESSERS on a smaller scale, and the constitution of the Royal Commission is to be modified by the appointment of competent representatives of the shipowners whose ships are employed only in cargo-carrying.

It is not necessary to believe that the shipowners are wholly in the right on the main question in order to be able to feel entire satisfaction at the defeat of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's last manœuvre. Indeed, what is properly the main question is not at stake here at all. There is no doubt in the mind of anybody who has taken the trouble to examine the evidence, or who has any personal experience of merchant shipping, that ill-found and unseaworthy vessels are sent to sea by owners who are so insured as to make a shipwreck a source of profit. The fact is as certain as that many ships are lost or damaged by the incompetence of officers or the bad quality of the crews. But these are evils which we do not much expect to see remedied by any Royal Commission, and which we are quite sure will never be corrected by legislation undertaken in the spirit of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. What is at issue between him and the shipowners is not the proper regulation of shipping, but the question whether a Minister is to succeed in applying the methods of demagoguery to legislation. For the moment that is the more important question of the two, and it is a cause for profound satisfaction that the answer has hitherto been negative. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has tried to get up a class agitation, and has failed. He has tried whether a few sentences of commonplace praise, such as are forgotten in an hour, were to be taken as a set-off to a great deal of invective, and has found that they are not enough. He has tried to pack a Commission, and has been well beaten. The final result of his abortive campaign has been to discredit his own methods most completely. By agreeing to the appointing of the Commission, he practically acknowledged that his accusations and his Bill had been based on insufficient knowledge; by agreeing to modify its constitution, he as good as confesses that he never meant to use it fairly. At the same time, he has bound himself to wait for its decision. Only people of a very hopeful temperament will expect much positive good from the Royal Commission; but it will have one excellent negative effect. It will make the introduction of any more Shipping Bills by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and any more agitation on that subject, impossible for some time to come.

A TOWN HOUSE FOR THE CAUCUS.

IF auguries could always be trusted, the four thousand odd members of the National Liberal Club, "three-fourths of whom are from the country," ought to feel well satisfied with the promised fruits of their subscriptions. Especially should this feeling prevail among the three-fourths from the country after witnessing or reading of the impressive function of Tuesday last. The "ground idea" of the National Liberal Club was, as we all remember, to bring the blameless provincials into closer and more frequent contact with the men of light and leading among their party, and lo! no fewer than seven Cabinet Ministers have made their appearance, and, what is more, have "spoken their pieces," at the foundation luncheon. Here be omens, indeed! No wonder the heart of the country solicitor beats high with pleasing anticipation as his eager fancy pictures to him the forms of these seven notabilities, or the survivors of them, seated each at his little table a year or two hence in the coffee-room of the completed club! Let us leave him for the moment to the enjoyment of his dream, and turn to the ceremony itself. Despite its nominally domestic character, it was in reality, and of course was intended to be, a serious political demonstration. Many of the speeches were historical, or meant to be so, in their character—sermons on the well-known text of the essential wickedness of Conservatism, and the direct affiliation of Liberalism to virtue. Others were prophetic, and predicted the going forward of the new club from strength to strength, and the putting of the enemies of the Liberal party under its feet. Not, of course, that all the afternoon's oratory was of so severe a cast. It had its familiar little interludes; such, for instance, as Lord DERBY's graceful observation upon Tory policy, that he "never knew the meaning of that word." The sentence is one of provoking ambiguity, presenting, indeed, an alterna-

tive of commonplace and paradox; for, though no one imagined that Lord DERBY ever did know the meaning of the word "Tory," he has, on the other hand, been always credited with knowing as well what "policy" means as any statesman who ever crossed the threshold, to say nothing of the floor, of the House of Lords. Another touch of human nature was exhibited in the interchange of playful raillery between Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the subject of the Caucus—raillery which, though playful, had just a dash of that sub-acid flavour whereby the outwardly good-humoured badinage of Mr. and Mrs. NAGGELTON is rendered slightly embarrassing to its auditors.

We must pass on, however, to what professed to be the more serious part of the day's proceedings—Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE descending on the triumphs of Liberalism in the past, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN unfolding its glorious future. We must confess, however, that we find it very difficult to treat Mr. GLADSTONE's and Lord GRANVILLE's history as altogether serious. When an English Prime Minister, once "the hope of the unbending Tories," and now the anxiety of the too flexible Whigs, undertakes to defend the thesis that the prosperity of the country begins where the supremacy of the Tory party ends, and ends where it begins, we feel that he must be counting on a very provincial audience indeed. He must have satisfied himself, for one thing, that they are not up to the familiar trick of beginning a so-called historical retrospect at a point arbitrarily chosen to suit the convenience of the historian's argument. We should have thought, however, that even "the youngest gentleman in the company" would have been too familiar with the sort of thing which follows:—"What, gentlemen, are Liberal principles, and what part have they played in the public life of this country? Well, if we go back to a 'certain distance'—there is much unconscious humour in this stipulation for a 'certain distance' only—"in our history; if we go back to the period before the great Reform Bill, you find that at that time there had been an almost unbroken term of fifty years of Tory Government; and the consequence was that trade was crippled and confused; our people were in many cases but half fed; our criminal code was so cruel as to be a disgrace to the country; and our 'butchers' shops' (this is omitted in some reports) 'were infested with blue-bottles of abnormal dimensions and insatiable voracity.' Mr. GLADSTONE must have felt very sure of the simplicity of the audience in order to entertain no fear of their mentally replying, "True; but if we go back a 'certain distance' further, we shall come upon an almost unbroken period of seventy years of Whig Government during which every one of these abuses and evils continued to flourish unchecked." If the reply is that the Whigs were for one-half of this time too busily engaged in establishing the Constitution of the country upon "immortal principles" to have time to attend to anything else, the rejoinder is that the Tories were for one-half of their time engaged, to the equal exclusion of all other matters, in protecting the liberties of their country and of Europe, against BONAPARTE and his allies, the English Whigs. And, even if we allow Mr. GLADSTONE to beg the entire question of the country being prepared before the date of their actual accomplishment for such of the reforms of the last fifty years as have been really beneficial, it is certainly not for the party who drove themselves into discredited exile and paralysed their powers of public usefulness for more than twenty years by their perversely anti-national foreign policy—it is certainly not for these men to complain that the cause of progress was delayed by their adversaries' long retention of political power. Eager as Mr. GLADSTONE has always been to blacken the record of the political party whose principles satisfied him up to the prime of life, it was a little too audacious of him to attempt the process by so transparent a piece of "chronological gerrymandering" as the above. Lord GRANVILLE's historical excursus was more modestly conceived; but he, too, adventured himself upon extremely dangerous ground in twitting the Conservatives with their systematic opposition to the foreign policy of Lord PALMERSTON "now so much belauded by them." Lord GRANVILLE's curiosity has led him to inquire how many motions hostile to this policy had been introduced during Lord PALMERSTON's long conduct of foreign affairs, and he has ascertained that there were as many as ninety-two, of which all were supported and seventy actually proposed, from the Conservative side. Having thus achieved the not very remarkable discovery that Conservatives have many times had to criticize adversely the details of a Liberal foreign policy, which never-

theless contrasts very favourably in its spirit with that which has succeeded to it, we should be glad if Lord GRANVILLE would gratify as legitimate a curiosity by ascertaining for us how many of these hostile motions were supported by Lord PALMERSTON's fellow-Liberal and occasional colleague Mr. GLADSTONE. Such an inquiry would be not only historically interesting, but it would be by no means irrelevant to the charge of factiousness which, if Lord GRANVILLE's statistics are to be credited with a meaning, we must assume him to have been insinuating against the Conservative party.

The Liberal orator, however, is always happier in dealing with the future than the past. The former affords so much more eligible a field for his peculiar abilities. You can prophesy without knowing, because, from the nature of the case, nobody else knows either; but successfully to falsify demands the impossibility of a whole world as ignorant as you are, or in morality ought to be, yourself. The prophetic element of the afternoon's oratory is necessarily difficult to criticize. The speeches of Lord HARTINGTON, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Sir CHARLES DILKE were, however, rich in illustrations of personal character; nor did they less abound—as when, after Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had posed as the “moderate man,” he was welcomed by Sir CHARLES DILKE as a revolutionary recruit—in testimony to the blessedness of political brethren dwelling together in unity. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's reply to Lord HARTINGTON's little jest about the Caucus was, however, quite the most piquant incident of the day. It had pleased his Lordship, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said, in effect, to joke about the National Liberal Club becoming the home of the Caucus; but if it does, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will only say that the building will thereby become “the centre of the whole working strength and activity of the Liberal party.” This, of course, is “one for” Lord HARTINGTON, who cannot be supposed to regard with special favour that form of strength and activity of which the special representative in the Cabinet is the man who makes one to back down on a fundamental point in a Franchise Bill. As to the assembled lunchers, urban and provincial, they no doubt listened to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's boast with somewhat mixed feelings. If their idea of their club is embodied in what Mr. GLADSTONE regards as that most “happy” description of it as “a political exchange for the Liberals of the country analogous to the commercial exchanges which are the medium of the great transactions of our commercial centres,” they can scarcely, we should suppose, have relished the promised authority of a ring, whose avowed object is to “rig” the political market—artificially to depress certain forms of opinion, and unnaturally to elevate others. Nor, we imagine, can even those “three-fourths from the country,” among whom the dream of rubbing shoulders nightly with Cabinet Ministers glows rosiest and most real, be altogether pleased with the picture which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presented to them. It is all very well for Cabinet Ministers to hobnob with Mr. SCHNADHORST at a foundation-stone luncheon, but the wise provincial foresees that the social character of the completed club may be summed up by anticipation in the formula—the more Caucus, the less Cabinet Minister. No wonder, therefore, if some of the less sanguine of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may have looked sadly forward to a time when the features of Lord HARTINGTON should have become as unfamiliar to the porter of the National Liberal Club as they proved to be on a certain famous occasion to the janitor of the Reform.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

AS more than a quarter of the German elections still remain undecided, it is too soon to speak with certainty of their result. The law demands that the successful candidate shall have an absolute majority of the votes given; and, when a district is disputed by three or more parties, a supplementary election often becomes necessary. On the present occasion these cases amount to nearly a hundred. In each district the probable result is known to most of those who are interested in the matter; but it is only the leaders who have any trustworthy information as to the chances of their party in the whole of the country, and these for obvious reasons are inclined to keep their information to themselves. Still, the elections already determined and the proportion of votes in the others enable us to arrive at one or two conclusions.

The Radicals have suffered a severe defeat. Even if

they were to gain every supplementary election in which their candidate is opposed to one of another party—a most improbable supposition—they would not return to the new Reichstag in the same force they appeared in the last. The voice of the country has pronounced against them almost everywhere. On the other hand, both the Social Democrats and the moderate parties have appeared in unexpected force, and the latter have already gained a large number of seats. This can hardly cause surprise to those who remember the extraordinary way in which both the Socialists and the National Liberals were defeated in 1881. On the most favourable calculation, neither party can regain very much more than the position it then lost, though the number of votes cast for the Socialists is sufficient to excite interest and cause some anxiety. It is a mistake to suppose that this party will heartily support any of Prince BISMARCK's measures of social reform, though the pressure of public opinion among their constituents may perhaps compel them to vote in favour of one or the other of them. On principle they believe, it is true, that the State should reorganize the whole social and economical life of the nation; but they clearly perceive that the attempt to do so would place an almost uncontrollable influence in the hands of the governing classes, and they refuse to confide such powers to any but the leaders of a democratic republic.

There can be no doubt, however, that the new Reichstag will listen with favour to the Imperial CHANCELLOR's proposals. The only party that was opposed to them on principle has suffered a severe defeat, and the vast majority of the new House is pledged to do its best to improve the condition of the poor. How the work is to be done is the one important question. Is it to be undertaken directly by the Government and its organs, or is it to be confided to independent corporations, created for the purpose? The Governmental parties would prefer the former, the Roman Catholics the latter way, and from the lists that lie before us it is impossible to say which is likely to have the upper hand, as the title Conservative includes persons whose opinions differ very widely on this point. Many adopt the name only as a badge of fidelity to Prince BISMARCK. They are ready to follow wherever he leads, and will never vote against the Government. This is not strange when we remember who Prince BISMARCK is and what he has done. A German may well be inclined to trust his judgment rather than his own. But many members of the Conservative party are influenced by religious motives almost as strongly as the Clericals. They are sincere Protestants, who believe in the sanctity of marriage and the necessity of religious education, and who are strongly convinced that no improvement in the condition of the lower classes can have the desired effect unless it is accompanied by a moral regeneration. These will probably act in the future, as they have in the past, in harmony with the Clerical party, feeling that the differences that divide the Churches are, after all, trivial in comparison with those that divide both Churches from an atheistic, or at least a sceptical, world.

Though Prince BISMARCK's demand, “No Radical!” has found so ready a response in the constituencies, it is already clear that he will be unable to command a trustworthy majority in the new Reichstag without the help of the Centre. The Clericals will return in undiminished numbers, and again form the strongest single party in the House; and none of the groups that generally act in concert with them has suffered a severe loss. The elections, however, have made one great difference. Many members of the Centre are now distinctly pledged to oppose the Government on several questions on which they formerly reserved their freedom of action. If the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR had spoken in favour of the Conservatives and the Clericals, who in unison carried his most important measures last Session, as strongly as he did for the intermediate parties, he might have had at his disposal a majority that differed widely both in moral and intellectual force from that he is likely to command in the new Chamber. On the whole, the results of the elections are satisfactory, as they show that Germany is beginning to feel that a mere carping opposition is not the temper with which a nation should meet the proposals of its most distinguished statesman, and also that there are interests and convictions more sacred than the will of even the greatest man.

DR. ROBERTS'S RED HERRING.

MR. MUNDELLA may very possibly find that he has good reason to be obliged to Dr. C. ROBERTS. Dr. ROBERTS, who had not, as far as we know, any share in the recent discussion as to existence of over-pressure in the Board Schools, has suddenly struck in with a letter to the *Times* which is calculated to confuse all the issues and to turn a matter of general interest into a mere doctors' quarrel. He begins with a general statement which can be argued about for ever without leading to any definite result, and he ends with one of those charges of plagiarism which are equally incapable of settlement, but which never fail to have the result of making everybody very angry and very wrong-headed. With the best intentions, no doubt, Dr. ROBERTS has done his utmost to set the medical profession by the ears, and then to start a personal dispute between himself and Dr. BROWNE on a point of absolutely no importance. He has not failed to secure a certain amount of success in what we are bound to suppose was not his object. Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE, who is not the man to sit down tamely under an accusation of any kind, has answered with his accustomed vivacity, and Mr. STORR, a master at Merchant Taylors', has come forward with a suggestion which, for no merit of its own, deserves attention.

In substance Dr. ROBERTS's letter amounts to the three following propositions:—Firstly, that Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE is wrong in saying that the medical profession generally agree with his views on the subject of over-pressure; secondly, that he, Dr. ROBERTS, and many others, prefer to maintain "a perfectly independent and expectant attitude"; thirdly, that a certain method of medical examination of Board School children recommended by Dr. BROWNE was invented by Dr. ROBERTS. All three make up a very typical letter to the *Times*. If they were all true they would not affect the question. The general approval of medical men would, no doubt, add force to Dr. BROWNE's contention; but it is not the general belief of doctors which proves the existence of over-pressure in schools, but the evidence of competent witnesses. Neither has Dr. BROWNE claimed to be supported by the unanimous opinion of his colleagues. The independent and expectant attitude of Dr. ROBERTS and others is not in itself important, and there is no particular merit in an independence which is not threatened, or in a state of expectancy when the evidence has been already produced. What is wanted now is an opinion on the evidence available, not a possibly virtuous, but also possibly lazy, wish for more. As for the personal question between the doctors, which we venture to guess is the main cause of the letter, it scarcely seems to require discussion in the *Times*. Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE has recommended that children in schools should be weighed and measured, with the object of seeing whether they are falling off in health or not. The lay world is prepared to believe this method of supervision a good one. It will unquestionably give the children a good deal of fun, which is a very good thing, and as it has been practised in prisons for a long time, it is probably of some use. Dr. ROBERTS does not question its merits. On the contrary, he thinks so well of weighing and measuring that he recommended the employment of these tests in schools long ago. It is, perhaps, natural that the Doctor should show what the rival medical man calls a "curious avidity" to have all the honour of the suggestion, even though it is not very original; but, if we are to have a dispute as to who recommended what, it is just possible that the disputants may become so zealous in fighting their own battles that the children will be forgotten.

Mr. F. STORR's letter is noteworthy for its charming frankness. His plan is that a Committee, composed equally of schoolmasters—whom he calls educators—and doctors, should be appointed to sift the question. This is a very pleasant little proof of the natural tendency of the professions to believe that they may settle the interests of outsiders between them. A certain French man of science once undertook to prove that an impassable wall should be raised between chemistry and medicine. When he was asked at the end of his argument on which side he proposed to put the patient, it appeared that he had not thought the subject worthy of his attention. In the present case the patient is the general public, and it is not likely that he will leave the doctors and the schoolmasters to settle his place. If an inquiry is made into the working of the Board Schools professional men will be useful as witnesses, but they must

not expect to be judges also. Complaints like Dr. ROBERTS's and suggestions like Mr. STORR's are not in themselves things of much importance; but they have a certain value as showing what must be disregarded if the need for a reform in the Education Department is not to be lost sight of in a professional free fight.

VANDALISM AT TIRYNS.

ANTIQUARIES are too often the worst of Vandals. They find a beautiful green "barrow," the very emblem of the quiet sleep of the dead, and they leave what looks like an abortive railway-cutting. As a rule science gains little but some old familiar clay pots, ornamented with the nails of prehistoric man, and the landscape, with all its associations, suffers. Now, according to Dr. DEFFNER, Librarian of the United National Library at Athens, Dr. SCHLIEMANN has been turning Tiryns into an abortive railway-cutting. We trust, of course, and indeed believe, that Dr. SCHLIEMANN will restore the pre-Homeric walls of that most ancient city to the condition in which he found them. At present their condition is an excellent example of how the archaeologist ought not to do it.

All the world which is even slightly concerned about these matters, knows that Tiryns is a cluster of "Cyclopean" ruins, even more ancient and more imposing than Mycenæ. HOMER seems to have known Mycenæ, at least by tradition, as a thriving capital, "rich in gold," and the seat of the Achæan Bretwaldadom. But Tiryns he only names "Tiryns of the mighty walls," and the history, nay, even the mythical legend of the place, lay obscure in a past which was distant even to HOMER. It was natural and proper that Dr. SCHLIEMANN should wish to excavate on the site of a town which PAUSANIAS might have styled "the first the sun beheld," if he had not reserved those terms for Arcadian Lycosura. Dr. SCHLIEMANN is understood to be engaged on a work containing the result of his researches, and this volume is anxiously expected. Meantime we trust that he will restore to Tiryns the ancient glory of the walls, which, according to Dr. DEFFNER, he has covered with soil and rubbish. These walls were probably all that HOMER looked on as peculiar, great, and noteworthy in Tiryns. To a reverent archaeologist they are, at least, as interesting as any fragments of hand-made pottery which Dr. SCHLIEMANN may scratch up out of the earth on the site.

According to Dr. DEFFNER, "my honoured friend Dr. 'SCHLIEMANN' began to be mischievous in August 1876. 'In making many pits, SCHLIEMANN at the time, without 'being aware of it, broke through the pavement mosaically 'constructed of cement and small stones . . . of the pre-historic palace-court now uncovered by him.' It seems that, as early as 1832, THIERSCH discovered this hard level floor, through which the Doctor's pickaxe passed unwittingly. RHANGABÉ, in 1865, spoke of the remains as 'the primitive 'palace of PRÆTUS,' which is certainly making them very primitive indeed. The 'palace' was decorated with 'painted stucco fragments, with lively colouring,' which is certainly not a very Homeric kind of decoration. However, be the palace Homeric, or Pelasgian, or Macedonian, it is a pity, if it be true, that Dr. SCHLIEMANN has ruthlessly excavated his way right through the mosaic pavement.

As to the manner of the excavations, Dr. DEFFNER says that the upper and middle Acropolis were covered with rubbish "nearly a metre in thickness." This rubbish Dr. SCHLIEMANN "has merely dumped down on the Cyclopean 'walls,' and he promised by telegraph 'to remove it from 'the citadel at the conclusion of the excavations.' As the good Doctor had already observed that PAUSANIAS reckoned the Tirynthian walls above the Pyramids of Egypt, he need not, his accuser thinks, have 'dumped down rubbish' upon them. Then follows a remark made in the tone and taste so common among archaeologists, and which perhaps Dr. DEFFNER, in a calmer mood, will withdraw:—"He 'terminates the excavations, lets the rubbish lie, and 'assures the Ministry it has been removed.'

Dr. DEFFNER says that this "impiety" greatly vexes him, and that, if he greatly vexes Dr. SCHLIEMANN, it is only in fair retaliation. No gold turned up in the excavations, or none worth mentioning; and Dr. DEFFNER thinks this has disgusted his friend with the whole affair. How these antiquaries love each other! At this distance from Athens and its rivalries we can only repeat our regret that the grey remnants of a forgotten world should be seamed with hideous

raw cuttings and trenches. Already, it seems, the old palace pavement is sinking because it lies uncovered in the winter rains. Apparently the best plan would be to restore all the rubbish Dr. SCHLIEMANN removed to its old place, where it is a cheap protection to the pavements, and does not bide and disfigure the walls.

Dr. DEFFNER ends:—"We will still be good friends." But Dr. SCHLIEMANN will probably reply in the words of a quotation familiar to Liberal statesmen, "It is all very 'well'; and what follows. Dr. DEFFNER certainly dissembles his love; but we hope Dr. SCHLIEMANN will remove the cause of his not unnatural annoyance.

BLOCKADE AND MEDIATION.

THE puzzling French quarrel with China goes on its way, like H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, which is also a part of the Chinese question, amid general uncertainty as to what port it may be expected to reach. There are the usual reports of fights which are not allowed to amount to war, and the now familiar rumours of mediation to restore the peace which has, according to M. FERRY, never been broken. In the general confusion there are two things conspicuous enough to call for comment. It is a matter of fact that the French have declared Formosa, or at least part of it, in a state of blockade; and it is highly probable that negotiations are in progress to bring about a mediation by England. The establishment of a blockade on a portion of the coast of China has added considerably to the difficulties of our own position, and may very possibly be the means of hastening a crisis. By the general practice of nations, the establishment of a blockade is considered as tantamount to a declaration of war; but no State is bound to carry out the provisions of what is called, by a rather bold metaphor, the law of nations. If our trade with Formosa is so slight as to make its interruption a matter of no importance, the English Government may reasonably decline to insist upon its rights. If our relations with France only were concerned, it would be the wisest course to recognize the blockade; but we have to consider our position as regards China, and, it may be added, we have to think of what is required of us by common decency. To recognize the French blockade without treating it as a declaration of war would practically be equivalent to taking sides against China. If newspaper reports are to be believed, the English Government has decided on taking the straightforward course, and has informed France that the blockade must be considered to have established a state of war. The consequences of this step cannot be confined to the island of Formosa, and henceforward the French will not be allowed, if the report is true, to make use of the dockyard at Hong-Kong. A stop will, therefore, be put to a very ambiguous state of things; and, so far, we shall have helped towards a definite settlement.

M. FERRY's obvious unwillingness to go to extremes, which is even proof against the Chamber's spontaneous offer of large grants for the prosecution of a vigorous war, makes it probable that we may be asked to forward an arrangement by the exercise of our good offices with the Government of China. It is so entirely the interest of this country to see the end of the present miserable complication that there would be no reason for hesitating if a security were given that our arbitration would be accepted. But that necessary preliminary does not seem to have been settled as yet. China has shown no disposition to abide by any unfavourable decision, and the kind of mediation desired by M. FERRY is, it seems, to be "coercive or peremptory." We are gravely asked, if not by the French Premier at least by papers which are supposed to speak for him, to interfere under pretence of arbitrating, but really for the purpose of putting pressure on China. What can only be called the impertinence of this suggestion is so entirely in keeping with the whole of the French policy in the East, that it may be accepted as showing what kind of arbitration would be considered satisfactory at Paris. Nobody who has the slightest respect for common-sense or common honesty in international politics would be sorry to see the gushing delusion that peaceful arbitration can settle a really serious difficulty reduced to a discredited absurdity. It never had any value except what the American satirist's pious editor found in humbug. The sum of its benefits to mankind has been that it has helped a certain stamp of politicians to do with a flourish of magnanimity things which they would have found it un-

pleasant to do when called by their proper names. But though the discrediting of arbitration would be a pleasant thing to see done, we prefer that it should be done at the expense of somebody else's character. After calling in the little boy to help the big one in the Soudan, we must rest awhile before we can afford to help a big boy to break the head of a little enemy. An impartial peremptory mediation would unquestionably deserve hearty recommendation, and when it is proposed will be entitled to serious consideration. The other kind is really too much like a recent South African policy of ignoble memory. All this talk of futile mediation is for the rest consistent enough with the general course of the buccaneering French campaigns on the Chinese coast. Military and naval officers continue to bombard and fight little battles, but they get no nearer a decisive success. M. FERRY is actively increasing the strength of the French Colonial forces; but, even at the request of his majority, he will not consent to say that a war is a war, and act with the proper vigour. It perhaps does not become an Englishman to speak too contemptuously at the present moment of ambiguous policies and half-hearted little wars. Still, the fact remains that the French policy in China, which is both ambiguous and half-hearted, has led, and promises to continue to lead, to a fruitless waste of blood and money.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE annual municipal elections to fill the vacancies caused by outgoing members took place on Saturday last; and the result was not even mentioned by some of the principal papers on Monday. The published lists distinguish between Conservatives and Liberals, except in the few cases in which the contests are said to have turned on strictly local issues. It seems that the Liberals have gained, on the whole, about a dozen seats, increasing to that extent the majority which they already possessed. The model democracy of Birmingham has long excluded the whole Conservative party, with five exceptions, from the municipal government of the town. The small minority is probably returned by some ward which is inhabited by the wealthier inhabitants of the borough. The virtual monopoly which has been established by the Caucus probably suggested to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL the statement that all the servants of the Corporation were appointed on political grounds. The angry contradiction which he provoked, even if it was well founded, had no reference to the governing body; and it seems probable that those who exclusively dispose of municipal patronage favour their own partisans. It may be presumed that in Birmingham, as in other parts of the kingdom, a large portion and probably a majority of the most enlightened inhabitants dislike the policy of the present Government as revolutionary at home, and as both imprudent and timid abroad. Those who entertain such opinions are punished by the imposition of disabilities more stringent and more iniquitous than the exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament in former times. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL thinks fit on future occasions to protest against the municipal excommunication of Birmingham Conservatives, his charges will not be open to denial; but he may perhaps be not less exposed to threats of personal violence because his statements cannot be otherwise contradicted.

In almost all other boroughs the representation is more equally distributed. In some manufacturing towns in Lancashire the Conservatives have a majority which could scarcely have been anticipated. Ashton-under-Lyne has twenty Conservative town councillors to twelve Liberals, and Bolton has forty-eight to sixteen. In Burnley and Bury the large majority is Liberal; and the same party predominates at Manchester. In general the more populous towns vote for the same party in municipal and in Parliamentary elections; but the division into wards has the effect of allowing a share in the representation to the minority. Perhaps the most significant occurrence was the election at Macclesfield of two Trade-Union candidates in the place of the same number of Liberals. It is stated that "since the suspension of the Silk Weavers' Union an organization has been formed for supplanting manufacturers 'by working-men on the council independent of politics.'" The movement is not unlikely to spread to other manufacturing towns; and scarcely any change could be suggested which would be so injurious to the cause of good municipal government. Imperial legislation tends more

and more to dissociate taxation from representation. Wars and other occasional causes of outlay are now paid for exclusively by the contributors to the Income-tax, who will in a short time be practically disfranchised. If the rates are administered on the same vicious principle, the government of boroughs will become at the same time inefficient and corrupt. The Trade-Unions tend more and more to overstep the limits of their proper provinces, as when at the recent Congress they passed a vote in favour of the rudest scheme of Communism. They have not before the present time attempted to obtain the control of local government; but the example of Macclesfield may too probably be followed. The encroachments of working-class organizations are to some degree excused by the sycophantic adulation which they receive from orators who, if they had fallen on other times, would have prostrated themselves before kings or nobles as the possessors of power.

The comparative indifference with which the municipal elections have been regarded may perhaps be in some degree attributed to the Corrupt Practices Act. The severe penalties imposed by the measure are likely to exercise a specially deterring influence when their operation has not yet been tested by experience. The Act was expressly directed against the prevalent habit of dealing with Parliamentary and municipal votes in a single transaction. It is now as dangerous to buy or sell a vote for a town councillor as if the purchase included the price of Parliamentary support. A short time will probably elapse before it is known whether bribery is discontinued or largely reduced in amount and in frequency. According to some critical theorists, it is unnecessary to inquire whether it is more immoral to sell a vote or to give it in accordance with party violence and prejudice; but it is impossible to legislate against political feeling. It would be interesting to learn whether pecuniary corruption has been largely practised in the few boroughs which elect their Corporations without reference to political partisanship. A man who wishes to promote or prevent local enterprises such as the construction of docks or of water-works is perhaps less disposed to traffic with his vote than a mere political partisan. Another legitimate form of curiosity would be gratified if the conduct of the female voters could be separately examined. Some of the opponents of female suffrage have asserted that the admission of women to the municipal franchise has tended to increase direct bribery; but the charge, however probable, ought not to be admitted until it has been proved.

Whatever may be the case if Trade-Unions usurp the control of local administration, the Municipal Corporations may be said, after an experience of fifty years, to have worked fairly well. As in the case of Parliament, corruption has been for the most part confined to the constituents, nor have the members of the Town Council been in the habit of tampering with the municipal funds. The salutary control of the courts of justice has in a great measure removed temptation to dishonesty, and in many cases municipal bodies have shown a laudable spirit of enterprise. The success of the system is largely owing to the professional and technical ability of the paid officers of Corporations. A town clerk is seldom a rabid partisan; and he has more credit to gain by efficient administration than by the exercise of political influence. Though he is nominally responsible only for legal advice, he often controls, by superior ability and long experience, the whole policy of the borough. Surveyors and engineers in the same manner prefer professional efficiency to the popularity which may often be a principal object on the part of a candidate for election. Some of the large towns have undertaken and completed valuable public works, and have erected splendid and useful buildings. A certain pride in the outward symbols of municipal dignity is not unbecoming. In the earlier period of their existence many Corporations affected an exclusive devotion to objects of utility by discarding the ornaments and decorations which had been prized by their unreformed predecessors. Gold chains and maces were ostentatiously sold, to be replaced when experience had increased toleration and wisdom. Although provincial corporations have not yet imitated the Lord Mayor's Show, they are not indifferent to suitable display.

The assailants of the Corporation of London welcome admissions of the comparative success of the Municipal Reform Act as arguments in favour of Sir W. HARCOURT's ambitious project. The enormous extent and population of London, and its local position as the seat of government, renders the precedent wholly inapplicable. Ordinary

boroughs and wards of boroughs are inhabited by persons more or less acquainted with their neighbours, and united with them by common interests. In London the inhabitants of the same street are often utter strangers, and there are no local leaders to become administrators of their common affairs. The supporters of the Metropolitan Bill allege, with truth, that half the residents in London are ignorant even of the names of the members of their respective local vestries; but they know that the vestry consists of persons who are at least not elected on political grounds. The Corporation, which is unequally by any other governing body of a London district in the efficiency of its administration, is almost wholly exempt from political bias. The Board of Works, elected by the vestries, confines itself still more exclusively to its proper duties. The proposed Corporation will assuredly follow the example of Birmingham, in devoting itself to political objects. The contributors of the greater part of a revenue of millions will have no voice in the expenditure of their own funds. The Radical Clubs, who alone among public bodies support the Bill, well understand its inevitable operation. Each of them hopes to be represented on the central Caucus, which will manage both municipal and Parliamentary elections. If any change is necessary, the policy of the Municipal Corporation Act should be so far applied as to distribute the population of the metropolis into boroughs of manageable dimensions. The proposed wards will be large enough to form independent districts; but there is little use in addressing arguments to legislators who have other objects than good administration.

ROBIN HOOD AT A STANDSTILL.

ARCHERY appears to have reached a point beyond which there is little prospect of advance, either as regards the number of its adherents or the quality of the shooting. During the last ten years many veteran archers have passed away; and though the gaps have been filled up by others equally skilful and the ranks swelled by promising recruits, the numbers have not risen in proportion to the increase of population. Existing clubs hold their own, but the effort is visible; and whereas a few new ones have sprung into being, others have succumbed, and the balance remains about the same. Without doubt the average quality of the shooting has improved all over the country, but particularly in the clubs near London; yet nevertheless a limit has been reached, and it seems impossible to pass it. Men strive in vain to emulate the feats of the late Horace Ford, and the championship he held for so many years in succession now changes hands almost every year. His great score of 1,251 at Cheltenham in 1857 stands out alone in its glory. Eleven hundred has never been made in public by any other shooter, nor even one thousand for championship honours. Last year, with perfection of weather, they fell to a score of under nine hundred, four ex-champions taking part in the contest, and this year to a score of just over nine hundred, the weather again being perfect. Bearing in mind the uncertainty, even more "glorious" than that of cricket, which attends archery, and the variety of conditions essential to success, there seems little chance of the normal standard rising to or beyond one thousand. This is, however, no despicable score. It means that a man shooting at a public meeting will occupy five or six hours a day for two successive days, will hit the target 200 times out of 283 arrows (144 at 100 yards, 96 at 80, and 43 at 60), and that, taking the average, each hit will be midway between the centre of the target and the outer edge. To do this is a great strain, for every arrow shot entails a pull of 50 lbs. with each arm, and that at a moment when the mind and body are in a state of extreme tension, so that a man must be fit and well, or he will not succeed. Nerves play an important part in these contests. Ford's nerves never troubled him, and he was moreover a man of great height and strength, had the keenest eye, and was coolness itself at a crisis in a match. Ordinary mortals are not so fortunate. They grow over-anxious at these public contests, and become sensitive to trifles that would not affect them at other times. A man may have to begin shooting directly after a long railway journey, under a blazing sun, or against a gale of wind. He may be interrupted just as he is "getting his eye in" by rain, by a bow or a bowstring breaking, by the distraction of some joking wag at his elbow, or by some rival constantly bothering him to learn "how he is doing." With all these contingencies he must still put his two out of three arrows into the target, and also keep some strength in reserve to enable him to "stay" in case a rival should run him closely at the finish. It is clear, then, that under the circumstances of a public meeting, and having regard to the difficulties of drawing, aiming, and loosing, a score of one thousand is a very creditable performance. Outsiders, however, are wont to regard archery either as a medium for flirtation or as child's play. Flirtations will of course occur in the archery field as they have occurred in still more improbable places, but it is altogether a mistake to look upon archery as a child's play, and nothing offends an archer's ears more than to hear his favourite enjoyment termed "playing at bows and arrows."

From the earliest times, whether as the duty of a yeoman, or later on as the amusement of an amateur, archery has needed spurring of some sort. It has always lacked stimulus and even natural growth, and yet it combines features that command success in any other pursuit requiring patience, resolution, and equanimity. Times are changed since it was attempted to enforce, and that unsuccessfully, regular practice by Acts of Parliament; and there is no pressure practicable now beyond the inherent inducements of archery and the sense of obligation to keep going such a time-honoured institution. Five or six years ago it came to the fore in the United States with a shout of self-satisfaction, and the two best English archers were soon challenged to a trial of skill; but the offer was not accepted, in spite of the allurements of gate-money, grand-stands, and popular applause. We expressed a doubt at the time as to whether the sudden enthusiasm of our cousins for bows and arrows would last, and we understand that it is already on the wane; but is English archery, with all its glorious antecedents, to subside too? Are the descendants of those archers whose skill was a proverb and whose name was a terror throughout Europe to relinquish the legacy they have inherited? Even if they feel no reproaches for their supineness, it is difficult to understand why archery, with so much to be said in its favour both as a means of health and as containing within itself so many elements of enjoyment, does not make more progress. Good wine needs no bush, and archery should need no puffing; yet here in the centre of London, the Royal Toxophilite Society, the headquarters of English archers, with grounds that are the most delightful of retreats for dwellers in town, does not muster one hundred members! It is inexplicable that this should be so. The advantages and privileges acquired by membership are so numerous that it would seem as if nothing but ignorance of such an oasis in the desert of houses could keep the roll of members unfilled. If, on a perfectly level shooting-ground like this, sheltered from high winds, and hidden away by trees and shrubs from neighbouring bricks and mortar, enjoying a far greater privacy than the Botanical or Horticultural Gardens, and brightened up with flower-beds and borders, men will not be tempted from their ordinary haunts, it is not surprising that in the country, where the accessories of the practice-ground are not so attractive, archery *per se* should fail to captivate. And yet, given a field and a pair of targets, what hours and hours of good honest enjoyment may be obtained with a trusty bow and arrows, and that, too, without help from any second person. This can hardly be said of any other active outdoor recreation. Moorland-shooting and fly-fishing perhaps approach it most nearly; but then the moor and the river are not always at hand, and the day may be spent without sport; whilst the archer has the targets at his door, and the quality of the sport depends entirely on himself and his own fitness. Lawn-tennis, if we may mention it in the same breath with archery, has the same advantage over cricket that archery has over lawn-tennis, in that it needs less preparation and employs fewer hands, but it is also a dangerous rival to archery—more so than cricket, because it attracts both sexes, and it is quite intelligible that where there is a choice young and energetic people will choose tennis. No blame to them for this. It is only natural that while young they should prefer the conditions that yield most fun, liveliness, and activity, and, moreover, they can afford to wait. The more votaries cricket and lawn-tennis win the better, and it is from these votaries the ranks of archery should be recruited later on, when they reach that indefinable period of life at which they begin to find the cricket-ball harder than it used to be, and themselves not so agile as they were. Such seasoned folks may then very properly turn to archery for a calmer recreation. And so, too, even at the eleventh hour may those who have not hitherto indulged in any active outdoor amusements. The exercise is not too violent nor the labour too prolonged for any man in ordinary health to shoot the York Round nor any woman the National Round. Middle age is as much the starting-point as the boundary for archery, and literary men especially find it a refreshing relaxation from brainwork. It is very certain that as soon as the novitiate of steady practice is over, and a man can reckon on hitting the target with two out of six arrows at 100 yards, with four out of six at 80 yards, and five out of six at 60 yards, he will derive great satisfaction at such results, and may reasonably hope to rise into the foremost rank.

Although we have stated that the Robin Hoods of the present day appear to have got to the end of the tether, it is not so with our best lady archers. They have steadily made progress in their scores for some years past, and this culminated in a score of 840, made by Miss Legh at Bath in 1881, when she succeeded in putting every arrow (144) into the target (i.e. 48 arrows at 60 yards, and 24 at 50 yards on each of the two days' shooting). Yet, as a rule, ladies are not assiduous enough in practice. Very few care to devote an hour to it daily during the summer, the majority being only too prone to forego the archery for anything else that turns up. The best lady shots are those whose husbands or brothers shoot also, and who submit to guidance systematically in order to master the difficulties of starting. Having advice thus available, they avoid falling into a bad or conspicuous style, and can correct such tricks as striking the bow arm with the string, loosing the arrow with a jerk or before it is drawn to the head, or not standing "square." These shortcomings beset all beginners, and, if not stopped at an early stage, soon grow into habits which interfere materially with success. As in many other things, the pupil often outstrips the teacher; but if they both excel, then when he shoots at 60

yards and she at 50, the terms are as nearly equal as may be, for they will both be shooting at their shortest ranges, and at 60 yards his superior strength would count for little. Non-shooters who have once been to look on at an archery meeting would not be greatly disappointed if they never went to another. The first was a pretty sight, interesting from its novelty and perhaps picturesque from its surroundings; but the second would not offer more attractions than any other kind of afternoon party. To the uninitiated all arrows in their flight look alike; but if the flight of arrows appear the same, the mode of discharging them is not, and herein the spectator may sometimes find cause for entertainment. The variety is surprising, and occasionally suggests uncomplimentary comments; but this is a reproach archers have merited from Roger Ascham's time downwards, and it is curious to note how frequently one may now see the very same eccentricities of attitude and movement he so minutely describes. The best authorities do not agree on the principle of aiming and loosing, and it does not follow that the most perfect style meets with the greatest success. But it may be said without fear of contradiction that, with a proper knowledge of the rudiments and an application of certain indispensable rules, the most successful archer will be the one who, whatever his style or his tricks, invariably releases the arrow in exactly the same manner. It is immaterial to the result what the method be if the aim, draw, pause, and loose are alike, arrow after arrow. It is a most disheartening vicissitude for an archer who has nearly reached the top of the tree to fall from his high estate without any cause perceptible to himself or others. But nearly every archer knows more or less the sensation of this retrogression. An attack of nerves, some imperceptible trick that has grown insidiously, neglect of practice or too much of it, or even some failing that may never disclose itself, will produce such a result, and then his only consolation is to grind away perseveringly until he recover his old form, often a wearisome and sometimes a vain process. He will be tempted to experimentalize, and friends will urge their own theories about drawing and loosing, but it will be more profitable to him in the end to try to recover the broken thread he has dropped.

It is to be feared there is not enough "go" about archery to make it sufficiently palatable to this pleasure-seeking generation. Nothing occurs at an archery meeting to raise a laugh or evoke a cheer. If three golds are made with three consecutive arrows, and this is frequently done, the feat is witnessed only by the three or four other competitors shooting at the same target, and their feelings are divided between admiration for the feat and a disinclination to hand over the customary shilling to the shooter. If a brilliant score be made, either in the aggregate or at one of the distances, the fact leaks out by degrees, and congratulations drop in one by one. There is nothing to arouse the attention of those not actually shooting, and nothing to "bring down the gallery," like a fine drive at cricket or a well-sustained rally at tennis. This want of sympathy tells against archery; and, moreover, at a prize meeting every archer is so engrossed with his own shooting, and sets to work in such a businesslike way to run up his score, that, beyond an occasional glance at his neighbours' scores, he has no time for aught else, certainly no leisure to attend to non-competitors. Where each is thus wrapped up in his own concerns, lookers-on cannot but regard the whole affair as tame and unprofitable, particularly as it often happens that they have no knowledge of how the fortunes of the day are going, or whether the quality of the shooting is up to the average. And so archery fails to attract the attention of outsiders, and they quit the ground disappointed at what they have seen. There is no remedy for this; only in the nature of things it must tend to keep archery in the rear of amusements that are less self-absorbing and of wider interest. On the other hand, the keen enjoyment and the quiet satisfaction of the mature archer, of which the lookers-on know nothing, must not be overlooked. The latter cannot gauge the merits of his shooting, nor enter into the feelings that are possibly a very crisis in his archery life. If they could exercise a little thought-reading, and see the content that follows from a score that is a crowning triumph, the result of years of patient practice, they would no longer under-estimate the spell that lurks within a good yew bow. But, apart from this, it should not be forgotten that archery was at one period the national pastime, whilst it has always been the pride, because the speciality, of this country. It offers, indeed, a fair type of British insularity. Independence, individuality, and steadfastness of purpose are the ingredients of both; and therefore we may still point to the traditions of both with satisfaction, and believe that there is some good in them after all.

IN GUY FAWKES WEEK.

THE explosive proceedings of last week appear to have a little detracted from the display of political and miscellaneous fireworks appropriate, especially under the circumstances of an Autumn Session, to the first days of November. Still, the rain which came down on the actual Guy Fawkes Day, or rather night, did not extinguish the literal squibs and crackers; and there have been plenty of metaphorical crackers and squibs, from Cardinal Newman's reply to Lord Malmesbury, to Mr. O'Donnell's commination of the Speaker, to bear them company. As for the good Lord Cardinal, it is to be feared that some wicked readers of his letter must have been reminded of that celebrated forgiveness of the

Lady Rowena's and of Wamba's comment thereon. Cardinal Newman forgives Lord Malmesbury quite "as a Christian," and we all know the gloss which the godless jester put on that species of pardon. Besides, there is a very awful suggestion in one passage. "From the day," says the Cardinal, "when I presented you for your B.A. degree, I have thrown off from my mind every unfriendly thought of you." From which it can only be concluded that there were some remarkably unfriendly thoughts of Lord Malmesbury in Mr. Newman's mind before that solemn ceremony. This is bad; for a tutor should not have unfriendly thoughts of a pupil, and a Christian clergyman should not have unfriendly thoughts of any one. And besides, if Lord Malmesbury's reminiscences as to his persecutions of the Cardinal are all a mistake, why should the Cardinal in his pre-Cardinalic and pre-Roman state have had any unfriendly thoughts of Lord Malmesbury at all? We cannot answer this question. But it is only too clear that Cardinal Newman is an *éminence rouge* in more senses than one, and that it is not at all safe to have offended him sixty years since. "Jam my Lord Cardinal" (if we may paraphrase Shakespeare freely, though they say now Shakespeare did not write it) "Against a table, and he's your friend for ever," but not if you happen to mention the jamming in Reminiscences.

There is some interval between Cardinal Newman and Mr. O'Donnell, and the character of their respective wraths is by no means to be confounded. The ingenious Member for Dungarvan, by revealing to the world that his conduct was deliberate and intended to induce the minion of tyranny to take measures against him, must have pretty completely checked the quasi-sympathy of some people, to whom at first it certainly seemed that Mr. Peel's censure, having treated some very black crows like Mr. Healy with considerable lenity, was vexing the dove-like descendant of O'Donnells or Macdonalds (there is, we believe, a controversy on the subject, and sure nobody could wish to be descended from two better families at all at all) in a rather unexpected manner. Mr. O'Donnell's final imitation of an "incident" in the French Chamber seems not to have been successful. Perhaps it had been too much rehearsed. There is, however, no doubt, room for not a few such imitations. "President of assassins, for the last time I bid you hear me!" would come very finely from Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Harrington; and "The blood of Miles Joyce chokes him," is so obviously appropriate to any failure in Mr. Trevelyan's voice or utterance that it is quite surprising it has not yet been heard. Still the O'Donnell incident must be regarded as only a minor firework, a kind of golden rain or flower-pot, not a devil-among-the-tailors or a first-class skyrocket with coloured stars.

The remaining political displays of the week have been numerous and remarkable, but scarcely brilliant or explosive. It is at least satisfactory that zoological metaphors have been dropped entirely. Nobody even seems to have observed the presence at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the National Liberal Club of a remarkably fine specimen of the Common Rat. But that function and the subsequent Westminster meeting were not infertile in agreeable if not coruscating incidents. Mr. Gladstone's magnificent contrast of the luxury and ease of other clubs with the stern and business-like character of the establishment which is to contain a whole floor of billiard-rooms, and a grill-room sixty feet long, let alone dining-room and smoking-room, "with a bar," is too easy game to need much comment. It was quite worthy of the character whose triads Mr. Gladstone seems to have imitated in his opening remark, telling how "frankly and readily and joyfully" he accepted the invitation to go and lay the foundation-stone of this Spartan edifice. But there is newer and less obvious fun in the newspaper protests which have been raised against the attribution to one Mr. Arthur Williams of the original idea of the home of black broth (Heaven preserve us, we were going to say black balls!) and robust Liberalism. They were six, it seems, and Mr. Arthur Williams is undeniably but one. After the Six who protest against the One come the Century who protest against the Six. The stone is but just laid, and they are fighting already. Alas for human nature, even when it sets its face against luxury and ease, and contents itself with sixty feet of grill-room (with a silver grill?), a tower in Mr. Waterhouse's finest manner, a bar in the smoking-room (speaking as wicked outsiders, we should not like a bar in the smoking-room), and no end of billiard-rooms on the basement. It really would seem as if the *verdammte Race* was very much the same in the pure breezes on the Embankment and in the miraculous neighbourhood of the Hôtel Métropole, where addresses are presented signed by 450 workmen out of a total of 310, as it is on the purse-proud pavement of Pall Mall or on the celebrated effluence of St. James's Street.

Having founded their Club in one part of Westminster, the irrepressible supporters of the Prime Minister went to have a meeting in another part. The meeting was to favour the candidature of Messrs. Hogg and Phillimore, and it met under the "auspices" of Mr. John Morley and Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Now, there can be not the slightest objection to Mr. Morley and Sir Arthur Hobhouse lending their auspices to Messrs. Hogg and Phillimore. The auspices are auspices of a good sound beating in the past and promise ditto for the future. The promise was well kept up by the candidates' and other speeches. For instance, Mr. Phillimore quoted the famous *se soumettre ou se démettre* sentence. We always thought that that was applied to a person who, being in office, tried to play tricks with the Constitution and institutions of his country; and, though there certainly

might be found such a person in England at the present day, we hardly think Mr. Phillimore meant him. He seems to have been as unlucky as Mr. Tenniel in a certain cartoon. No doubt there once was a man called Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, who had a good deal to do with frustrating an ugly plot against the House of Lords, of which plot Mr. Tenniel seems to have heard, much as Mr. Phillimore has heard of *se soumettre ou se démettre*. After all, as Mr. Tenniel's business is drawing, and Mr. Phillimore's ecclesiastical law, they are not required to be acquainted with the details of English and French history. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. John Morley are different persons. And first it is to be noted that Sir Charles Dilke imagines that all Tory journalists are peers, or all peers Tory journalists, a delightful state of things suggesting a certain philosophic millennium, but not, to the best of our knowledge, historically realized. But hear Sir Charles. "Radicals," he says, "are much amused at the antics of so-called Conservative writers who do not see that there is one remaining Conservative force in the country, and that this force—rapidly growing democratic—is Mr. Gladstone. He warns them, but they fail to profit by the warning, and, to use his own words, 'stake the fate of their order on the opinions they have formed.'" There! Sir Charles himself has said it, the amusing Conservative antic, who amuse Sir Charles nearly as much as that eloquent leader in the *Edinburgh Gazette* amused Mr. Slurk, belong to the order whose fate is at stake. Voltaire and his company were all princes or poets; but the company of so-called Conservative writer antics are all Peers and press-men. And the odd thing is that these coroneted pen-men appear, by Sir Charles's account, to have come very near the truth in observing that Mr. Gladstone is rapidly becoming democratic. Sir Charles would hardly have spoken in this fashion in Parliament; but anything is good enough for a Westminster Liberal, it would appear. The atmosphere of infelicity seems also to have affected Mr. John Morley, for he is reported to have said that he did not know whether Sir Arthur Hobhouse "would choose to go into Parliament." As Mr. Morley and Sir Arthur together had very good cause to know five years ago, there goes something more than "choosing" to the matter. These two good gentlemen on that occasion chose to go into Parliament for Westminster; but Westminster somehow did not choose, and Westminster had its way. Surely these are not good "auspices" to oblige young friends with?

Mr. Richard Grant White it is, we think, who tells a pleasing story about an out-of-the-way New York restaurant into which he once strayed, feeling hungry. A young citizen sat opposite to him eating the chief national delicacy; and after a time he lifted up his voice, and addressing either Mr. White or the universe, observed, "I don't call this very popular pie." They have come, it seems, in These States (as Mr. Whitman used to call them) to take popular quite gravely and sincerely as a synonym for good, a little peculiarity on which the obvious moralist might bestow much tediousness with great ease. We cannot say whether the members of the National Liberal Club found the stuff which was talked to them on Tuesday morning "popular," but they seem to have done so; and so do the Westminster Liberals seem to have enjoyed Sir Charles Dilke's wholesale creation of peers, which outdoes Harley's deeds and Lord Grey's threats and the dim purposes of that Conservative-bulwark-in-rapid-process-of-democratization, Mr. Gladstone. If the kind of matter talked on both occasions was not popular, it would not, we suppose, be talked at all. But it must be pronounced a rather sorry display of political fireworks for Guy Fawkes Eve. When a reveller who once tossed the startling squib and applied the adhesive cracker with the best, like Sir William Harcourt, was actually constrained to pick up a burnt-out and by no means clean squibling like Mr. Thorold Rogers's comparison of the House of Lords to the Cities of the Plain, and try to put a little more gunpowder in it, there must be something wrong with Ministers. A second-hand gibe in Sir William's mouth! and a second-hand gibe borrowed from Mr. Thorold Rogers!! and a second-hand gibe borrowed from Mr. Thorold Rogers about Gomorrah!!! Alas! how are the mighty pyrotechnists of a not distant past fallen! Mr. Gladstone, according to Sir Charles Dilke, is in the best and truest sense a Conservative, but he seems to have a most anti-Conservative effect on the wit of his colleagues. When an uncomplimentary metaphor had to be taken from fireworks in old time the favourite *cliché* used to be that of the rocket and the stick. The performances of Radical speakers this week have certainly nothing to do with the rocket, though they may perhaps be not distantly suggestive of the stick. After all, perhaps any implement of that kind is good enough to beat the amusing, antic, so-called Conservative dog with.

ROMEO AND JULIET AT THE LYCEUM.

IF *Romeo and Juliet* were not a tragedy, Miss Mary Anderson, a certain irrepressible habit of self-consciousness apart, would probably make a very fair Juliet. If the plot set forth only how a young lady flirted with a visitor at her father's house, there would be some ground for praising such a representation of the heroine as that which the American actress offers in the first act. But, unhappily for Miss Anderson, Juliet is something more than this. Her heart once given, she becomes the incarnation of passionate love. For Romeo her bounty is as boundless as the sea; her love as deep. To her, every tongue that spoke his name spoke heavenly eloquence. The matter need not be dwelt upon. The world knows what Juliet was; and by studying Miss

Anderson's attempt to realize it, a very accurate idea of what Juliet was not may be gathered. To portray her as a well-brought-up young lady from the Transatlantic equivalent to a suburban boarding-school is not to play Shakespeare, yet this is all that her demeanour in the earlier scenes suggests, while later in the tragedy the actress is called upon to display the fullest development of emotions of which she can afford no hint. Juliet was young, and Miss Anderson is young—*younger*, at least, than most Juliets. Juliet was beautiful, and the photographers' shops proclaim the general opinion that Miss Anderson is beautiful. So far all is well; but so far is a very little way indeed towards an interpretation of Capulet's daughter. Simple in itself as is the character of the Italian girl glowing with the ardour of an all-absorbing first love, it is surprising how variously it has been treated by actresses since twenty years ago Mlle. Stella Colas gave a most lamentable performance which awakened the wild enthusiasm of audiences at the Princess's. In her hands Juliet became a vulgar little French *ingénue* utterly devoid of ingenuousness. Frequently Juliet is mature, and her love passages with Romeo degenerate into intrigue. Miss Anderson is able to exhibit the girlishness of the character, and does so aptly enough in the first scene with Romeo, where the only weakness is the manner in which the guests and maskers go apart and turn their backs that their host's daughter and the pilgrim may be undisturbed. From the kiss then given and received springs the "prodigious birth of love." The honour that she dreamed not of becomes her fervent hope; but of the change no sign is given in the Balcony Scene, which should be radiant with the glow of passion. It is night; the girl is alone with the lover whose kiss has awakened a new life in her. Joy at seeing him, at hearing the voice of which she knows the sound, though her ears have not drunk a hundred words of his tongue's uttering, is mixed with tender fears for his safety. She warns him that the place is

death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

And again:—

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Juliet's words were sincere. Men's words, she knew, were very ready, an enemy's life was little regarded, and her lover might be in deadly peril—a peril incurred for the delight of standing beneath her balcony. Miss Anderson, however, is very girlish and arch. A pretty playfulness marks her words. Her manner is much that of a young lady who has sat out a dance with a favoured partner; as little resembling Juliet as the student of the tragedy can imagine, we were about to say, but how little Miss Anderson seems to understand Juliet would probably be beyond the student's imagination. She calls Romeo the god of her idolatry much as if it were a neat little compliment read from a cracker. Whether intelligence to realize or power to express be defective, the result is the appearance of a young lady preposterously unlike Juliet.

The chief organs of public opinion have, with more or less emphasis, declined to accept Miss Anderson's performance; but some of the critics have, in detached scenes, recognized her as the character she seeks to portray. Our imagination is not equally vivid. To us it seems that she never approaches the part; rather that she departs more widely from it as she goes through the series of poses and attitudinizations which do duty for a representation of Juliet. A further misfortune for the American actress lies in the fact that Shakespeare wrote his tragedy in blank verse. The lady's incidental lapses into the American language must not be made an occasion of blame. They are melancholy drawbacks to a rendering of the part, misfortunes to be deplored, but not to be avoided. A comfortable critic has declared in one of the papers that the accent was never previously so well suppressed, and this may be so. Still, there are times when the actress's intonation is certainly not English, and blank verse in American is disastrous to Shakespeare. Miss Anderson's blank verse is indeed at all times exceedingly blank. The speaking of it is an art of which she has no knowledge. The delivery must first of all be perfectly natural in sound; nothing must be sacrificed for the sake of the verse; at the same time, an under-current of musical rhythm is essential, an under-current so delicate that the hearer may not impossibly at times be forced to listen for a moment, if the lines are strange to him, before his ear detects the metre. At no time does Miss Anderson show any apprehension of this, not even in her calmer utterances. The lady has also still to learn that to be loud is not necessarily to be powerful. The speech in which Juliet first mourns Romeo's banishment here becomes mere rant. There is no sort of temperance to give it smoothness, and when Juliet is picked up by the Nurse from the ground whereon she has thrown herself, the stiff carriage of the head in order that the full face may be presented to the audience is one of several absurdities into which she is betrayed. Another absurdity is introduced at the end of the scene where Romeo parts from Juliet. The balcony and part of the chamber are displayed, and there is really no sort of necessity for any alteration in the arrangement of the set. But the designer of spectacle has seen his chance, and so it was decided that the balcony must be made to disappear, and a fuller view of the chamber be afforded. The balcony can be dragged away out of sight; Romeo has descended from it; but what is to become of Juliet? She cannot very well climb down after Romeo; she cannot go out at the door only to come in again; there is nothing for her to do but incontinently tumble down in a corner of the

balcony, and be wheeled about till the new view of the scene is disclosed, when she can rise to her feet and re-enter the chamber to answer her mother's call. To interrupt the action and put such clumsy contrivances into practice is to make Shakespeare subservient to the carpenter, as was never done when a true artist's mind supervised the mounting of a Shakspearian play. The words in which Juliet pleads for delay in the marriage with Paris, "O sweet, my mother, cast me not away!" are so pathetic that Miss Anderson could not well destroy all their pathos. This scene, and the subsequent one with the Nurse, seemed to us by far the best incidents of the performance. The hopeless agony which falls upon the girl as the garrulous Nurse confidentially advises her to marry with the County was shown in the spirit of the play; and when the old woman, well satisfied with the reception her advice has apparently met with, goes smilingly out, there was some approach to feeling in the Juliet's dazed misery. The friend who knew the truth, who should have sympathized with her most deeply, cannot for a second comprehend her sorrow. The woman's coarse and sordid nature is made so unmistakable that there can be no recall of Juliet's words

Go, councillor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

Unfortunately, the good impression which Miss Anderson momentarily creates here is dissipated by her noisy and melodramatic conduct of the Potion Scene. This terrible speech is, in the theatre, vulgarized by the observance of set tradition. Miss Fanny Kemble was accustomed to rush across the stage as if driving Tybalt's ghost before her, and, dropping upon one knee, assume an attitude which was called her "Canova." Since her time—possibly before—Juliets have always considered it necessary to make a rush and utter a shriek which must have brought the Nurse and Lady Capulet back to the chamber, if they were still in the palace. Miss Anderson follows suit. It is not supposed to matter whether Juliet rushes towards or away from the ghost which her imagination has conjured up, and this Juliet runs away and strives to hide behind a table. She also shrieks. One of the critics has pointed out that the public expect the shriek and must not be disappointed, and another commends its pitch as if its introduction were a matter of course. Why could not the scene be given without any shrieking? It seems to us that a murmur of suppressed horror would be at least equally effective, and perhaps the absence of any interjection of the sort would be more effective still. Beyond any doubt Miss Anderson's pantomime, as of Juliet madly playing with her forefathers' joints, is out of place, and at the words, "Romeo, I come, this do I drink to thee," the potion should be drunk rather with ecstatic joy, at the thought of the husband whose name she repeats, than of affright. The terror has passed, reunion with him fills all her heart. She will awaken and he will be beside her. To speak the line with a sense of rapture is to reveal Juliet's character, to show that in her love was stronger than all else. What Miss Anderson means to express—and most likely she means something—is not to be detected. The awakening in the vault is commonplace, and the death scene quite devoid of tragic power. There was no reason to suppose that Miss Anderson could play Juliet, and consequently there is no reason to be surprised at the demonstration that she cannot do so.

When an actor or actress is made prominent in theatrical announcements it is a custom to speak of the other players as giving support. Whether Romeo supports Juliet or Juliet supports Romeo, in the jargon of the modern stage, is a matter which depends upon extraneous circumstances. Into this, a detail altogether apart from Shakespeare, we need not enter. Mr. Terriss certainly comes nearer to Romeo than Miss Anderson to Juliet. The actor is somewhat rough and ready. Poetry and refinement are lacking, but he bears himself with sincerity. A Romeo depends in a great measure upon his Juliet. If she be artificial and affected, it is well-nigh impossible for him to appear natural and earnest. Mr. Terriss was distinctly best in the scenes in which Juliet did not appear, notably in the tardy acceptance of Tybalt's challenge, when Mercutio's death by Tybalt's hand has roused Romeo's fury. The burst of rage was replete with genuine passion, so genuine that the house was fairly startled. An actor who can make the impression which Mr. Terriss made here must not be underrated. For the rest Mrs. Stirling resumed her admirable performance of the Nurse, a feature of Mr. Irving's revival of the tragedy, and Mr. Arthur Stirling did excellent service as the Friar. He was not merely dignified. This Friar made it plain why Romeo was apt to seek his guidance and aid. Mr. Kemble played Peter with welcome moderation. Here commendation must end. To obtain well-painted views of Verona nothing but the expenditure of money is requisite. Much money has been expended, no doubt, upon the present setting of the tragedy, and often with taste; but this is apart from the question of playing, except when it delays the play, as it does when elaborate changes of scenes of a totally needless character are made. In the transformation of a Christmas pantomime, stage mechanism of a surprising sort is appropriate. The Chinese puzzles on a huge scale introduced into the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* are something worse than unnecessary. Let it be added that the dresses are very rich. Shakespeare's tragedy is so very much richer than in writing of it we are not concerned to dwell on a figured brocade doublet or a pair of silken hose. Of these latter there are plenty in this revival. It is the Shakespeare that is wanting.

HEALTH EXHIBITION LECTURES.

THE promoters of the Health Exhibition have proved their determination to be faithful to their primary objects. The advancement of sanitary science among the people has animated their efforts in many and diverse directions. If the public have generally shown themselves to be more indifferent to the conferences and lectures than alive to the attractions of the show—the illuminations and fêtes and concerts—the authorities are not to blame. The series of nine-and-twenty lectures and the bulky records of the various conferences recently published are formidable proof of the educational zeal of the Executive Council. We are not, moreover, a lecture-loving people like the Americans, and prefer the simpler form of lecture, the deliberate assimilation of thought and speculation that reading affords. It is fortunate that the majority of the sanitary lectures are of the kind that loses little on publication. They have evidently been carefully prepared for the larger audience beyond the lecture-room, and the illustrative experiments that gave practical vitality to some of them will scarcely be missed by the intelligent reader. Dr. Tyndall's commendation of the handbooks is, indeed, not less due to these lectures. "When he looked," Dr. Tyndall remarks, "at the list of men who had contributed to these handbooks, and to the quality of the literature, he doubted very much whether any other country in Europe could produce such a set of men capable of writing as good a set of books." Nor is this praise at all excessive when applied to the lectures, among which are several that remedy the occasional incompleteness of the handbooks. Thus Dr. Thudichum's lecture on the *Æsthetic Use of Wine* is something more than an elegant monograph; it supplies the dietetic and æsthetic view of the subject that was wanting in the author's handbook. In like manner, Dr. Poore's lecture on Thrift and the Right Use of Refuse is not only an incisive onslaught on the modern system of the disposal of sewage by water-carriage, but an excellent prelude to his handbook.

No feature of the Exhibition is likely to be productive of more practical benefit to the community than the models of sanitary and insanitary houses. The combination of precept and example is exceedingly happy, and the nervous or careless householder may, with the aid of the useful penny guide, speedily master the rudiments of an intricate subject. Nothing could be better devised to awaken interest and develop enthusiasm. The effect is akin to the most moving sermon, and the departing visitor mentally decrees there shall be no more unhealthy houses, or that he, at least, shall be no longer victimized by plumber or builder. The guide itself is admirably impressive; there is something grimly humorous in its categorical form, and its bald, succinct statement of the horrors and excellences of the two dwellings. The jerry-builders of London should be specially invited to inspect these typical buildings, and reflect on the light that science has thrown on their misdeeds. They must be hardened sinners, indeed, if they survive the ordeal unmoved. In any case it would be well if Mr. T. Pridgin Teale's lecture on Healthy Houses could reach them. Sir James Paget has recently referred to the diminution of preventable death and illness during the last ten years, and Mr. Teale regards this fact as "a result of the diffusion of knowledge of sanitary matters." "Houses," he remarks, "will be made perfectly healthy if those who have to live in them, and those responsible for their construction, will but learn the easily-learned and very simple laws of correct sanitation." There is this to fear, however, that those responsible may not relish the interference of the amateur sanitarian, and the "little learning" of the Exhibition visitor may become unreasonably assertive. Still, considering the vast amount of preventable diseases generated by badly-constructed houses, the lesson provided by the Exhibition models should prove useful. The laying of drains for a house is too frequently "a deed without a name"; it is done in the dark, as it were, and with a careless despatch which baffles, sometimes, preventors. If, as Dr. Poore remarks, "a man becomes ill from preventable cause, some one is to blame"; it is often enough the builder of defective houses who is the criminal. It is not pleasant to learn from Mr. Teale that "very few houses are safe to live in," and highly unsatisfactory to know that the powers to enforce sound construction are inoperative beyond certain urban districts, where exists the builder's paradise, where he, or any man, may erect houses at his own sweet will, on any principles or no principles he chooses.

The subject of sanitary dwellings is further illustrated in lectures by Mr. Eassie and Professor Corfield, both of which are rich in suggestion and eminently practical. Of a different order of literature are Professor Hodgetts's two lectures on Anglo-Saxon Dwellings and Anglo-Saxon Dress and Food. The author's enthusiasm pervades every page, and his views are expressed with such force and eloquence that the reader almost persuades himself that he is himself an Anglo-Saxon. Unless Professor Hodgetts is prepared to assert that we should return to that primitive civilization which, as he puts it, triumphed over Rome, his lectures have really no practical bearing on modern sanitation. As he professes an excessive admiration of Anglo-Saxon ground-floor dwellings, as opposed to Norman fortified castles, he will, perhaps, hail with delight the denunciation of many-storied model lodging-houses by Dr. Davies, of Bristol, quoted in the volume of *Conferences on Domestic Sanitation*, p. 67. He may claim, too, an ally in Mr. Lewis Leeds, who, in a scheme for rebuilding London, expresses his opinion that nature never intended Englishmen should live in cities (*Dwellings of the Poor*, p. 144). It is not surprising, if this

be so, that the modern Anglo-Saxon has become degenerate after many centuries of city habitation, and that his "sturdy English speech" has become defaced by "some tinsel from the Latin source, some tawdry gilded playthings from the French."

Works on what we should eat and drink chiefly commend themselves to the dyspeptic, though the subject of dietetics naturally occupies a considerable place in the Exhibition lectures. Professor de Chaumont gives his very suggestive experience of an exclusive course of diet in his lecture on Preserved and Condensed Foods. He selected an essence of beef which was asserted to be as nutritious as ordinary animal food; "after a few days" he was "reduced to a state of considerable inanition and exceedingly bad temper, which was immediately improved by the addition of a little more proper food, especially a little butter." This recalls the excellent cure affected by Peacock when he prescribed for Shelley when suffering from the pursuit of vegetarianism, "two mutton chops well peppered." The reproach of the consumer of animal food may be said to be almost demolished in Mr. W. Mattieu Williams's agreeable lecture on the Science of Cookery, if, as Mr. Williams affirms, the "barbarous practice" of eating beef and mutton is but a mode of "eating grass." Since "all flesh is grass," we are all vegetarians. Mr. Williams's sad experience of the vegetarian dinner at the Health Exhibition is the more touching and ingenuous because of his known sympathy with a vegetarian diet. It is all a matter of cookery, and to cunningly disguise a dish of mushrooms so as to give them the flavour of a rump-steak is the greatest triumph of the vegetarian cook Mr. Williams is able to record, which is not, after all, a very lofty or pure ideal for the true disciple. The man who professes vegetarianism and yet lugs after the flavour of the flesh-pots can scarcely be said to have made his return to nature. More directly addressed to dyspeptics is Professor Gamgee's interesting lecture on the Digestive Ferments, which treats of the various peptonized digestives very clearly and precisely.

The dairy farmers of England should be grateful to Professor Sheldon for his remarks on the English dairy. It is not long since Archdeacon Denison was lecturing the Somersetshire farmers on the deterioration of English cheese, and Professor Sheldon is ready with ample encouragement and suggestion for the dairy farmer. His praise of the Leicester Gorgonzola and his advice as to the extension of the manufacture of soft cheeses in England deserve the attention of farmers. Bread is another article of food that has not generally improved in quality of late years. All who have travelled northward from London and noted the gradual improvement in the quality of the bread, comparing one town with another, will read with surprise Professor Graham's praise of London bread. Perhaps the lecturer, in his remarks on the chemistry of bread, refers only to the produce of the few great bakers, though he alludes generally, at the end of his work, to the proficiency of London bakers. Among other sanitary subjects that are treated with distinguished ability, we must notice Mr. Malcolm Morris's *Ethics of the Skin*, Mr. Ernest Hart's *Smoke Abatement*, and two admirably written discourses on Poisons, by Mr. Henry Carr and Mr. A. Winter Blythe.

The literature of the Health Conferences appeals more to experts and philanthropists than to the public, though the papers and discussion on one subject, among others, will be read with interest by the community. The *Disposal of the Dead*, by Mr. A. Winter Blythe, and *Cremation*, by Mr. Eassie, are two speculative lectures that occasioned an animated and somewhat strange discussion. It is curious that the latter did not arouse something stronger than the rather tame opposition it encountered. There is something more than an obvious printer's error in Mr. Eassie's remark:—"The gong of cremation was first struck in England by Sir Thomas Browne in 1858." In the subsequent discussion the only notice taken of this statement is the remark of the Rev. Brooke Lambert that "it was very curious that this subject of cremation was taken up 225 years ago by a most religious man—namely, Sir Thomas Browne." It is hard to see why it should be "very curious" that the author of a discourse on *Urn Burial* should treat of cremation among other modes of sepulture; neither science nor philosophy is the special offspring of the nineteenth century. To speak of Sir Thomas Browne sounding "the gong of cremation" is a little strained, and would seem to make that learned and eloquent writer a sympathizer by pure anticipated pre-cognition with the Cremation Society. The author of the *Hydrotophia* does, indeed, enumerate some of the advantages of cremation, but they are sentimental and not sanitary, while he speaks reverentially of the superior antiquity of earth-burial, of which he distinctly implies approval.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE oldest inhabitant of New York is accustomed to declare every year that the climate of that city is changing for the worse. Certainly the managers of the New York theatres may echo his pessimistic opinion. The winters are sometimes too cold to make theatre-going at night any more of a pleasure trip than is a voyage of Arctic discovery; and the summers are sometimes as hot as any person can stand with equanimity. Of course there are many mild winters and many cool and pleasant summers, and the spring and the autumn are nearly always seasons of almost perfect weather; indeed it is difficult to imagine any weather more perfect than that which the New Yorker is wont to enjoy from the middle of September to the 1st of December.

But at times the climate is unequal and uncertain, and it is given to extremes. Time was when the managers of the leading New York theatres could look forward to a fairly profitable summer season; now, however, the theatres begin to close their doors and to wind-up their companies early in May. Of course there are not wanting adventurous souls who risk themselves upon the stormy sea of theatrical management in every summer solstice; but the regular managers and the regular companies are likely to take a vacation shortly after the 1st of May, or to cross the continent to play in San Francisco, or even to cross the Atlantic to play in London, as did Mr. Daly's company of comedians this last summer. The New York managers have also a more formidable competitor than the torrid heat of a New York mid-summer; they have to contend with the cooling freshness and the salt-sea breeze of Coney Island. As are the Fisheries and the Healtheries and the Inventioneries to the London manager toward the end of the season, so is Coney Island to the New York manager in summer. Coney Island is a strip of sand, about ten or fifteen miles from New York, washed by the surf of the Atlantic, and ornamented with a string of hotels and restaurants stretching along the shore for nearly two miles. In front of many of these hotels are band-stands, from which really excellent military bands discourse brazen music. In front of the band-stands again are many bathing-houses, from which the worn and weary New Yorker may plunge into the cool and invigorating surf. Along the walks connecting these various hotels and band-stands and restaurants and bathing-houses are numberless petty shops and little shows of all kinds. Nowhere can "all the fun of the fair" be seen to better advantage than at Coney Island. It is no wonder that the theatres of New York are not able to compete with the manifold and multitudinous attractions of Coney Island. So it happens that, until the autumn fairly sets in, the theatres offer but slender fare to the determined theatre-goer. This year the managers have been doubly unfortunate. In the first place, the summer began early and ended late; for, although the average of temperature was not unduly high in July and August, it rose most unexpectedly and unpleasantly in September. And, in the second place, the quadrennial election for President of the United States is effected this year in November, and therefore September and October were given over to the excitements of the political canvass with all its outdoor allurements of meetings, ovations, receptions, "barbecues," excursions, and torch-light processions. A parade of a Legion of Plumed Knights, preceded by a bold brass band, blaring forth the martial strains of "Marching through Georgia," and accompanied by a frequent discharge of gratuitous fireworks, is an attraction more powerful to many people than any which the theatrical managers may offer.

When at last the theatres did open, and did risk this rivalry, the bill of fare which they presented to their customers contained the names of very few new dishes. To an American who had availed himself of the inalienable privilege of all Americans, and had run over to Europe for the summer, there was little that was novel. At the Fourteenth Street Theatre Miss Minnie Palmer had come back from London, and was still impersonating *My Sweetheart*, assisted by Mr. Arnold as the merry Tony, and by the actor who informs Louisa that her loving husband is waiting for her outside. At the Casino there is a revival of the *Beggar Student*, first acted there about eighteen months ago by the admirable comic opera company engaged by Mr. McCaull, a company which had been seen to advantage during the summer in a neat adaptation of M. Lecocq's *Petit Duc*, prepared by Mr. H. C. Bunner and Mr. W. J. Henderson. At the Thalia Theatre the fine German company has been acting in the Berlin version of M. Ohnet's *Maitre de Forges*. At one of the Bowery playhouses Mr. Wallack's company has been performing Mr. Hamilton's common adaptation of Ouida's common novel, *Moths*. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre Messrs. Carr and Conway's *Called Back* has been presented by a good company, headed by Mr. Robert Mantell, a young English actor, who made an unusual success here last year as Loris Ipanoff in *Fédora*. Miss Jessie Millward, who acted in New York last year in the Lyceum company, is seen to advantage as Pauline. At the Byron Opera House, Mr. Henry Dixey, one of the youngest of American comedians, as he is one of the most humorous, has been acting in an indescribable burlesque-comedy-farce called *Adonis*, and written by Mr. William Gill, the author of *My Sweetheart*. At Daly's Theatre, another of Mr. Daly's adaptations has been accorded the same degree of favour as has fallen to most of the light and lively little plays produced at this admirably managed theatre. This new farce-comedy is called *A Wooden Spoon*, and it is based on a German *posse* by Herr Schönthau, from whom Mr. Daly had previously purchased the play he presented in London as *Casting the Boomerang; or, Seven-Twenty-Eight*. It is acted by Mr. Daly's well-trained and accomplished company with the same precision and point they displayed in their performances in London. In America, as in England, the chief honours of the acting are borne off by Mr. James Lewis, Mr. G. H. Gilbert, Mr. John Drew, and Miss Ada Rehan. At the Union Square Theatre the very strong regular company is now appearing in *The Artist's Daughter*, a melodramatic play with spectacular trimmings, calling for no criticism.

At the Star Theatre, where Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the company of the Lyceum Theatre of London are to appear about the middle of this month, the Kiralfy brothers have been presenting a spectacular play called *Sieba; or, the Seven Ravens*; while at Niblo's Garden Theatre another spectacular play called the *Seven Ravens* has been performed. The *Sieba* of the Star

Theatre is a modified version of the grand Italian ballet-spectacle of *Sieba* presented last winter in Paris at the Eden Theatre. This Franco-Italian *Sieba* was written by Signor Manzotti, and the music for it was composed by Signor Marengo. They were the joint authors of the first success of the Eden Theatre, *Excelsior*. The *Seven Ravens* of Niblo's Garden is a version, by Mr. G. P. Lathrop, of a German spectacular play by Herr Ludwig Pohl. The story in the two plays is substantially identical, and the similarity is said to be due to the fact that Signor Manzotti used Herr Pohl's play as the source for his inspiration. In the Kiralfy brothers' production of *Sieba; or, the Seven Ravens*, the original Parisian costumes are used, and the scenery, appointments, and properties are all showy and effective; but the stage management is inefficient, and the ballet is bad. Now, in a spectacular play, if the ballet is bad, there is nothing more to be said. "As sure as eggs is eggs," the spectator is baulked of his chief enjoyment. There is one ballet in *Sieba; or, the Seven Ravens*, called the Infernal Ballet—and justly so called—in which there appears not one single person knowing anything of the principles of dancing. Later in the spectacle there is a *pas de deux* by Mlle. Brianza and Signor Camerano, which is really well done and well worth seeing.

As a glance at this varied list of theatrical attractions will suffice to show, the New Yorker is suffering from a saturnalia of farce and farce-comedy, and burlesque and *bouffe*. Nor is this complete. At that temple of indigenous American art known as the Théâtre-Comique, the extraordinarily skilful and well-trained company of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart has been appearing in Mr. Harrigan's *Investigation*, a broad Hiberno-American comic drama, with the usual garnishing of song and dance. The Théâtre-Comique, with its French name and its Irish-American company, is of a truth one of the wonders of the Western world. At the Union Square Theatre it is rumoured that *The Artist's Daughter* will soon give way to *French Flats*, a version of *Les Locataires de M. Blondin*, another version of which was produced at the Criterion as *Flats*. At Wallack's Theatre and at the Madison Square two English farces are performed, *Nita's First* at the former, and the *Private Secretary* at the latter. Hitherto the Madison Square theatre has been the home of the American dramatist; here Mr. Steele Mackaye's *Hazel Kirke*, Mrs. Burnett's *Esmeralda*, Mr. Bronson Howard's *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, and Mr. Belasco's *May Blossom* have been abundantly successful; here was a house in part owned and managed by a clergyman; and here was a theatre where naughty words and evil thoughts were not allowed. It may be remembered that when Sir Roger de Coverley went to the play, the last play he had previously been at was the *Committee*, "which I should not have gone to neither," said the worthy knight, "had I not been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." Now, hitherto the Madison Square theatre has been the home of good Church of England comedy. All at once, however, it has turned apostate; it is a backslider; it has fallen from grace; it has burned its idols. It has given up the American dramatist for an English version of a German play. It has left domestic drama and high comedy for riotous farce. It has so far abandoned its former ecclesiastical attitude as to permit the use of "damn" and to exhibit a curate as the object of a series of practical jokes. And the worst of it is that, so far at least, the *Private Secretary* has been successful; it makes people laugh; and in these dull times, amid the impending emotions of a national election, people want to laugh. In the main Mr. Hawtreys' adaptation from the German is not unlike the adaptations from the German which Mr. Daly has been wont to set before the playgoer of New York; there is the same slightness of central plot and the same abundance of comic episode; the chief difference is in the dialogue, which in Mr. Daly's plays is often of a high order, while Mr. Hawtreys' is disfigured by commonplace puns. Of the performance nothing need be said. Coming after the truly admirable rendering of a strong and tender drama like Mr. Belasco's *May Blossom*, the *Private Secretary* seems empty and inadequate, and unworthy of the theatre in which it is acted. But the performance of the *Private Secretary* at the Madison Square is much better than the performance of *Nita's First* at Wallack's, once the foremost theatre in America, and now given over chiefly to borrowing English plays. After the success of *Confusion*, it is no wonder that other managers were willing to plead the Baby Act, and that *Nita's First* should have succeeded. It is rather noisily acted by a company recruited recently in London, although reinforced here by a few native actors. As the London audiences did not take at once the American humour of the dialogue of Mr. Daly's plays, so the rather broad cockney humour of *Nita's First* falls here on unfamiliar ears.

CONFUSION OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

IN the year 1881-2 the local authorities of England and Wales raised nearly 28 millions by direct taxation upon a valuation of 140 millions; or, roughly, an Income-tax of four shillings in the pound on four-fifths of Schedule A. They received from the national treasury contributions amounting to 2,840,000. They raised 13 millions by way of loan, and received from other sources a miscellaneous revenue of 7½ millions. Their total receipts were nearly 51½, their expenditure nearly 50½ millions, of which 11½ millions were devoted to interest and repayment of debt. The

total debt outstanding at the end of the year amounted almost to 121 millions. None of these figures can be exact; but none of them are materially exaggerated. The local authorities, then, of England and Wales alone are responsible for an outlay equal to five-eighths of the national expenditure regulated by Parliament, for a rapidly increasing debt equal to nearly one-sixth of the National Debt. They spend on poor relief, local administration, sewerage, drainage, improvements, and so forth, as much as the national Government spent prior to the Crimean War on the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, and, heaviest of all, the interest on the public debt. They raise by direct taxation more than twice as much as the average of the Income-tax; about as much as the Queen's Government raises from all taxes except those on drink and tobacco. They have incurred in fourteen years twice as much debt as successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have paid off.

It concerns us, then, very much to know who and what these local authorities are; who is really responsible for an annual expenditure of 50 millions which has doubled, a debt of 121 millions which has nearly quadrupled, in fourteen years. Of every penny of the national income and expenditure we have a strict, clear, intelligible, universally accessible account. Every one of us may know for a few pence what has become of every sixpence raised by national taxation, direct and indirect; from what sources it has been derived, and to what purposes it has been devoted. We know who is answerable for the outlay; not a detail but has been considered and authorized by statesmen of the highest rank and character; no sensible increase but has been minutely scanned and approved by the House of Commons. Who has incurred the local debt? who has authorized the local expenditure of 39 millions, apart from the interest and repayment of debt? No one can say. The local expenditure is audited, loans must be authorized by Parliament or the Local Government Board, the accounts are verified, the purposes of each individual loan officially investigated; but upon the policy and upon the administration which has doubled expenditure and quadrupled debt there is nothing answering to Parliamentary control, or even to the much fainter control of the electorate over Parliament itself. There is, of course, the control of the ratepayers; but how nominal, how unreal, how futile this is every ratepayer well knows. No accounts are really published; and, if they were, only an accountant could possibly understand and unravel their intricacies. No ratepayer knows for what debts he is liable or can call to account those who have incurred them. The confusion of local government is fatal to responsibility, excludes control, and baffles investigation. The most that any contributor knows is the total amount of the annual demands upon him. He pays a Poor Rate and a Borough or General District Rate, perhaps a Burial Rate and a Highway Rate also. The Poor Rate, the heaviest of all, is levied by the overseers of the parish, and imposed by the Guardians of the Union. It would seem, then, that the Guardians are responsible; that complaint must be addressed to them; that the remedy for grievance or extravagance is to agitate against and eject the members for the parish at the next election. How impracticable this is every man of experience knows. There seems, indeed, a theoretical responsibility analogous to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but on inquiry the Guardians shake off a large part of their apparent liability. For the outlay upon the relief of the poor they are answerable; but over the number and cost of those they are obliged by law to relieve they have little practical control. For a very large part of the expenditure they are in no wise responsible. Part of it is paid over to the School Board, part to the Justices in Quarter Sessions and other authorities. The purposes of the General District Rate are equally multifarious. Of the entire expenditure of England and Wales outside the metropolis, only six millions were expended on Poor-law purposes; and of this amount nearly 2½ millions were devoted to outdoor relief, a matter over which the ratepayers of a Union can exercise no practical supervision. However excessive seem the total of the rates, the responsibility is so divided as to be virtually neutralized. Who is in fault? The Guardians, or the Borough Council, or the Vestry, select or general, or the Justices—who, as a non-elective body, are a special mark for Radical denunciation, but whose administration is both frugal and prudent, and contrives as a rule to make ends meet—or the Local Board of Health, or the Improvement Commissioners, or the School Board? It would be, of course, impossible and intolerable to levy a separate rate for each separate purpose, or even for all the purposes of each separate authority. As a rule, everything is charged either on the Poor Rate or upon the Borough or General District Rate. Between the expending body and the ratepayers intervenes at least one intermediate power, and sometimes more than one. The ratepayer can at most assail those who levy the rate; and when they clear themselves, as they can always do, of at least half the responsibility, though individual inquiry may be pressed further, organized resistance, popular agitation is obviously impracticable.

The confusion of authority, the division of responsibility is further confused by the interlacing and crossing of the areas subject to each several jurisdiction. The fundamental unit is the parish; but the parochial authorities, the best known to the ratepayer, are practically almost impotent. And what is the parish? Not the old, still less the new, ecclesiastical parish, of whose character and boundaries its leading inhabitants have some general idea, but the civil or Poor-law parish—a totally different thing. The Union is the most important and universal division of which the ratepayer has any practical cognizance. It is composed of so many parishes—civil, not ecclesiastical. The Guardians of the

Union are responsible for the Poor-law expenditure; but half the so-called Poor Rate is paid by them to other authorities. The parishioners of A consider themselves aggrieved by their local taxation, and complain to the Guardians of Union B. The Guardians answer that their relief expenditure is swelled by the pauperism of borough C, in which lies one-half the Union, and upon which the rural parish A has no means of acting. The leading parishioners appeal to their neighbours, only to find that their interests by no means coincide. A lies in Sanitary District D and in Highway District E. The General District Rate is probably levied by the same authority in the rural parishes of the Union, but varies according as they belong to this or that Highway District, to this or that Improvement or Sanitary District. Again, the Union lies in two different counties, and half of it within the boundaries of a borough, which again cut two or three parishes in twain. The confusion of taxation is bad enough, the confusion of debts intolerably worse. Parish A has nothing to do with the debts of the borough. Parish X, liable for these, has no share in the debt contracted by the Improvement Commissioners or the Highway Board to which A is subject. A and X alike are responsible for the debts of the Union; but scarcely a parishioner in either can say what is the total of the different debts for which he is liable; and not one can possibly say even approximately what is the amount of property which shares each liability with his; still less what is the aggregate property liable for the aggregate debt in which he bears a share.

The government of the boroughs is somewhat more intelligible. The confusion arising from the division of Poor-law and general civil government is bad enough. The boundaries of the Unions seldom coincide with those of the borough; and the latter intersect the confines not merely of Unions but of parishes. A citizen in the suburbs of Birmingham knows whether or not he pays the borough rates, swelled by the lavish outlay alike of rates and of borrowed money by which Mr. Chamberlain and his successors have purchased their local popularity. But he probably knows nothing of the debt incurred by the Union; and his neighbour beyond the borough bounds knows still less of the finances of the two, three, or four different jurisdictions to which he belongs. For some purposes the two are in the same Union, for others one is in the borough, and one in the county; for others, again, one is subject to the borough alone, the other to a separate Health Board, Highway Board, and Burial Board. The concentration of powers in the borough is due, not to any general principle of legislation, but simply to the fact that the functions which in the counties have been bestowed upon a number of different authorities have in the boroughs been successively heaped upon the Town Council. Thus the latter is the Sanitary Board, the Highway Board, and perhaps the School Attendance Committee of the borough; but not the School Board nor the Poor-law authority. It levies the school rate, but is not responsible for its amount or administration. Again, the workhouse schools and the schools of districts expressly formed for the education of pauper children are subject to a distinct authority other than that of the School Board; and, again, reformatory and industrial schools may be founded by the county justices in Quarter Sessions or the Town Council of a borough, as well as by private persons. But, when a borough has established a School Board, the Town Council loses its control over the last class of schools.

The mere number of the local authorities, empowered not to levy, but to expend rates at their discretion and to contract debts, would suffice to prove the utter unsoundness and confusion of the system. There are some 15,000 Poor-law parishes which have practically hardly any separate powers whatever. There are 647 Unions, of which 30 are metropolitan and 580 wholly or partly rural; 176 of these are in two or more counties, 29 in three, and 4 in four counties. One Union has but 3,000 and another 360,000 inhabitants. Every one knows that there are 52 counties marked on the map; but Yorkshire is for all practical purposes three counties; Lincolnshire three for some and four for others; Cambridge, Essex, Suffolk, and Sussex are each for certain purposes two counties; while Cambridge and Huntingdon, Cumberland and Westmoreland, have a common Lord-Lieutenant, the chief and centre of the county government. There are 251 municipal boroughs, 683 Local Government districts, under Health Boards, some of which are also municipal boroughs. The areas of these frequently intersect the boundaries of the Poor-law parish, as well as those of the Union, and even of the county. And there are also some 44 Improvement Act Districts under separate commissions. Besides, more than 6,000 parishes separately liable for their highways, and 362 Highway Districts composed of some 7,000 parishes, spend altogether more than a million and a half per annum. There are also 142 School Boards in boroughs with an aggregate population of 7 millions, and 2,000 parochial School Boards for 2,800 parishes, with an aggregate population of 5½ millions. The School Boards alone owed at Michaelmas 1882 nearly 12 millions. There are, then, some 4,000 separate local authorities (other than parochial) in England and Wales alone, with greater or smaller powers of expenditure; most of them having also the power either of direct taxation or the more dangerous power of demanding by precept from the general taxing authorities whatever sums they require to expend. Some 60 counties, 250 boroughs, 700 local districts, 640 Unions, and 2,200 School Boards are empowered to contract debt practically at their discretion, subject to the veto of the Local Government Board. Of all these, the 250 Borough Councils alone can be said in any

practical sense to be subject to a partial supervision and limited control on the part of their constituents. As regards the rest, the majority of their constituents know not to what authority they are subject, what that authority is doing, what money it expends, or what debts it is incurring. Nor will such knowledge, and the control of which it is the indispensable basis, ever be brought to bear upon the enormous mass of local expenditure and debt until each district is brought under a single taxing, and at most under one or two definitive spending authorities. Boundaries must coincide or at least cease to intersect. Smaller districts, like Unions, should lie wholly within borough or county; and where important governing bodies, Town or County Councils, have to act together, a common agency should be appointed, and the funds supplied by a contribution from each, for which the local authority is responsible to its constituents. At present 50 millions a year are spent, and from 4 to 8 millions of additional debt annually incurred, without any supervision, control, or responsibility worthy of the name.

"KEIN SCHWEIN, ABER DER WIRTH."

A STORY comes back to our memory which seems to have an application to recent political events. Several years ago a traveller, passing through one of the thriving valleys for which the Protestant cantons of Switzerland are famous, sat down to lunch with the conductor of the diligence. Suddenly a peculiar grunting was heard in the room. The traveller, much astonished, said to his friend, the conductor, "Are pigs kept in this house?" "Das ist kein Schwein, mein Herr, das ist der Wirth," was the unexpected answer. And in came the landlord, who verified the fact that a person holding a respectable position may seem to be the mouthpiece of the lower and more unsavoury animals.

Somebody or other, Liberal or Conservative, is responsible for giving to that species of these animals popularly known as the "rough" a prominence and importance which we hoped he would never assume in English politics. That he exists is a painful truth; that he makes his presence felt both in the domestic circle and also when he takes political questions into his serious consideration is abundantly testified to by the reports of the police-courts. But, until now, those not themselves roughs have been shy of his acquaintance. That he has been often used by unscrupulous partisans on each and every side of politics is a fact much to be regretted; but what is novel in political controversy is that a Minister of the Crown charged in the House of Commons with complicity in a silly and disgraceful riot, should not be able to rise from his place and simply say, "Every member of the House knows that the charge is untrue"; but that he rises and does his best to refute it by the evidence of men who, according to his own showing, are criminals hired by a party that differs from him. The matter has grown to be one of personal truthfulness. We must see the "roughs," hired, as it is said, at so much an evening, put face to face with those who deny that they have hired them, and who assert that everything said by the roughs is untrue. Letters repudiating the charges brought by the President of the Board of Trade, and denying the statements made by him as to the hiring of roughs, appear every day in the journals of Birmingham, and if he fails to substantiate his case, judgment will go against him by default. Mr. Chamberlain has not heard the last of his "sworn evidence." One gentleman goes so far as to say, in a letter to one of the Birmingham papers, "that the charges are a lie." And others whose names have been brought forward as having been parties to the riots write indignant denials, and desire Mr. Chamberlain to give his authority for such statements. It is a novel feature in English political life that a member of Parliament should believe the word of a "rough" rather than that of a gentleman. Mr. J. B. Stone, of Birmingham, one of those charged by Mr. Chamberlain with having said that "Liberals were expected to come to the demonstration, and that arrangements had been made for vigorously repelling them," writes:—"I have to say, in reference to this part of the right hon. gentleman's speech, that, if he means to imply that I either hired roughs, knew of roughs being hired, or that I in any way countenanced such a disreputable proceeding, I have to give the statement my most unqualified and indignant denial. I as strongly repudiate the assertion that I at any time stated that Liberals would be 'vigorously repelled' from the meeting." This is only one of many letters, more or less forcible in language, which have appeared lately. The President of the Board of Trade has made assertions before on this subject which can hardly be made to agree with others of his own. At one time he said that "for years there has not been a disturbance at a political meeting in Birmingham," and the other day he said that "for years Conservative roughs have been paid to break up Liberal meetings." The plain fact is that the Caucus holds the whole political machinery of Birmingham in its hands. Nor is this a matter with which the outside public need trouble itself, were it not for the fact that the attempt may now be made to remodel the House of Commons on the lines of the Birmingham Town Council. The municipal elections in that town, which go by a purely party vote, resulted in the return of sixty Liberals and four Conservatives; while the true proportion of parties in the town is such that one Liberal seat is known to be in danger at the next General Election. Obviously, therefore, elections can be so managed as to show in their result the adroitness of the leaders on one side or the other, and need have little relation at all to the general feeling of the voters. It is against this

system, applied already in certain places, and applicable everywhere, that those who value free speech and fair representation have now to protest energetically. The "pig" has unfortunately become a factor in the higher politics. He is not only employed for obscene and porcine work, but his evidence is quoted in Parliament by a Cabinet Minister against that of persons who have a clean record behind them. Beginning with one *souvenir de voyage*, we may end with another. A foreigner was once charged at Naples with the alleged non-payment of money lent to him by his landlord. No money had passed at all between the two; but the landlord produced in court five witnesses to declare that they had seen the money paid. The counsel on the other side came forward with ten witnesses who swore to having seen the same money paid back. How stands Mr. Chamberlain's evidence? Is it of this quality or not? Possibly a court of law may be called upon to decide on the subject; but anyhow the association between the "rough" and the Cabinet is at least ominous. Who in this case is the *Schwein*, and who is the *Wirth*?

THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM.

A FURTHER experience of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet has but served to deepen and heighten the impression produced by the first. It has been hailed as an original creation; and the reproach is just. Mr. Barrett has gone boldly to work to deprive the character of every one of the qualities—beauty, intellect, romance, distinction, poetry—which have made it famous; and, in this sense, his results are original enough. He has the honour of having discovered that the heart of Hamlet's mystery is a certain bourgeois stupidity; of having been the first to perceive that Hamlet is an incarnation of the lower middle-class character and the lower middle-class intelligence. His Hamlet, in fact, is a highly respectable and serious person, trying to look younger than his age, and taking himself with the solemnity of a perfect householder. He is touched with the vestryman; he has notes of the churchwarden. He is not stately, but pompous; not dignified, but respectable; not melancholy, but dull; not gentlemanlike, but decorous; with the passion, the invention, the imagination, the pettifoggish ingenuity, of the complete Philistine, and, withal, the distinction of being absolutely and irremediably commonplace. The "Old Playgoer" has said that all the Hamlets he had known lacked something, and that Mr. Barrett lacks elocution. He had far better have said that Mr. Barrett lacks everything save ambition and a leg. But it is his fate to have spent his life in railing at Bottles, and to have had so little to do with Bottles as never to know Bottles when he sees him.

It is something, after all, to have made Hamlet not only tedious and devoid of distinction, but perfectly tame and uninteresting. That Mr. Barrett may fairly claim to have done. If he does, we shall support his claim. Beyond that, however, we cannot go. A good deal of capital has been made out of the "new readings" with which the present revival is illuminated and bestarred. One reason is not far to seek; another may be that Mr. Barrett has so little that is new to offer that to his admirers the slightest touch of novelty in his work is matter for congratulation and the joy of descent. If it were not so, what, in this age of Shakspeare Societies—what, one asks in all humility, had been the fate of such "emendations" as "A little more than kin and less than kind," and that other and more famous one, "The air bites shrewdly. Is it very cold?" Both are unimportant in themselves. The latter, however, is typical of Mr. Barrett's ambition and achievement. It has respectable authority; by puzzling over it, you can make a sort of sense of it; it is absolutely insignificant; and the actor is quite incapable of such an interpretation as will make it acceptable or credible. To him, it is understood, it is a sign that Hamlet's nerves are in such a bad way that he is not sure whether the cold he feels is in himself or in the nipping and the eager air of Elsinore. His way of expressing this uncertainty is violently to hug himself and wag his head, and then propound the problem with a merely interrogative intonation. The effect is meaningless; Hamlet might remark, "The rain falls thickly. Is it very wet?" or, "The night looks blackly. Is it very dark?" and it would be as good or better. Another piece of subtlety is the business with the portraits. Hamlet spies his uncle's picture on Gertrude's table; thereupon, he takes his father's from his bosom, and falls to comparing them. The idea is respectably ingenious; but as Mr. Barrett fails utterly to make the comparison interesting, its uses, as far as he is concerned, are dubious. A third example is the exit after the performance of the "Mousetrap." "I will speak daggers to her, but use none," says the new Hamlet; and in an ecstasy of commentary, he ruminates an instant—it is not clear why or what about—draws his sword, and goes forth to wait upon his mother, the unsheathed weapon in his hand. Another case in point is that of the lecture to the players. It is now delivered as the company is trooping in state to the theatre; and to get them off, Hamlet is compelled to stop the procession, halt in mid-stage, deliver his theory of acting, and then start the procession once more. It would be tedious to recapitulate; and besides, it is unnecessary. It is all one whether Mr. Barrett is taking a last look at Ophelia's grave; or threatening the King with extermination; or playing an impossible bout at foils with his Laertes; or listening to the players, as from his own hearth-rug; or "chaffing" Polonius, as from the sofa in his

own back drawing-room. In idea, effect, intention alike, he is always a personification of middle-class mediocrity.

That Hamlet is younger than some have hitherto conceived is a good enough hypothesis; and there can be no doubt that in the hands of an actor such a reading might be interesting and moving in no mean degree. But, the truth is, Mr. Barrett is much less actor than successful manager; and it is not in his power to realize his own conception of Hamlet. To be a Hamlet of eighteen, it is not enough to make up as young as you can, and to fortify yourself with the accompaniment of a comely Gertrude and a robust and red-headed Claudius; it is not enough to be laboriously interested in fencing and play acting, and inclined to cry over the accident to Polonius; it is not even enough to speak the philosophic passages of your part like lessons you may not understand, but have got up carefully, as a boyish—a good-boyish—Hamlet might, for your professor at Wittenberg. All this is well enough in its way; but it amounts to nothing when you come to put it before your public as so much evidence of youth if you have no more youthfulness to back it. Youth is ardent, high-spirited, a trifle antic and unreasonable; youth is touched with passion and romance; youth is before all things young. If we are to believe Mr. Barrett, it is nothing of the sort. Youth, he has set himself to prove, is essentially stolid and decorous. In voice it is monotonous and muffled, incapable not merely of expressive intonations, but even of thrill; in gesture it is measured, elaborate, unmeaning, even spiritless; in mien and bearing it is decorous and stable; in elocution it is commonplace and unskilful at best, and at worst no more than gabbling and unintelligible; in apprehension and invention it is what we have seen. Yet we learn from the *Times* that this is "the most original" of Hamlets. "The Hamlet of our day," says the *Court Journal*. "One of the surprises of modern art," opines the *Telegraph*. "Essentially the Hamlet that Shakspeare drew," pipes one print. While another, greatly daring, remarks that "in no previous representation have the psychological processes through which the mind of Hamlet passes been illustrated with equal clearness"; and another writer, not to be outdone in this contest of hallucination, deliberately declares that "Mr. Wilson Barrett's interpretation of Hamlet is the boldest and most triumphantly successful that has been seen for many a day." What is strange is that no one has recalled the most appropriate description of Mr. Barrett's Hamlet possible—that given by Mr. Herbert Pocket of Mr. Waldengarver's Hamlet—"massive and concrete."

SALVATIONISTS AND SKELETONS.

A PYRRHIC victory was obtained last week at Maidstone Assizes by the hosts under the command of Mr. Booth of Queen Victoria Street. A score of sorrowful "Skeletons" stood humbled in the dock, convicted, for the most part on their own confession, of participation in what have been grandiosely described as the "Worthing Riots." A few of the more grievous offenders Mr. Justice Manisty sentenced to be imprisoned for four months, and the rest were suffered to depart upon entering into recognizances to come up for judgment when called upon. Inasmuch as there really was a considerable disturbance on more than one occasion, wherein the shop of an unpopular tradesman was wrecked and an attempt was made to destroy his house, probably no one will think that these sentences erred on the side of severity. Still, as far as they went, they were a triumph for Mr. Booth, and constituted another proof of the fact that he who behaves in a noisy, offensive, and disgusting manner does not thereby necessarily make it legally justifiable for his neighbour to commit a violent assault upon him. It is just as well that this should be made generally known among the sort of people in whom a strong love of disorder combines with probably a very moderate dislike of the improprieties they profess to be resenting to produce an outbreak of the Worthing description, which does no good to anybody, and is in itself rather dangerous and very disagreeable.

Thus did Mr. Justice Manisty vindicate the Queen's peace which had been so grievously outraged; but, not wishing to be misunderstood by the immediate victims of the wrongs he was redressing, he took the opportunity, while passing sentence, to deliver a discourse, which, as law coming from so high an authority, seems to us to set the vexed question of the mock-religious street nuisance finally at rest, and, as common sense spoken by a man of the world, will command the assent of nearly all reasonable persons. We therefore reproduce the most important passages:—"As to the 'Salvation Army,' no doubt they thought they were doing good, but, although they ought to be protected from violence, yet if they acted so as to cause annoyance to others, they themselves would be offending against the law and would be liable to punishment, for they had no right so to act; and he believed that if they assembled and acted tumultuously and noisily in the public streets, so as to cause disturbance and annoyance and so as to endanger the public peace, the law was strong enough to put a stop to such proceedings. He himself had witnessed in various towns in England on Sundays most scandalous and disgraceful scenes caused by processions of people with or without music, but with noises of the most offensive kind, shrieking, shouting, causing such disturbances as to make one doubt whether one was in a civilized country. He had witnessed scenes of this sort when going to church on a Sunday, which

made him wonder that those whose duty it was to uphold the peace and enforce the law should not interpose to prevent them. He warned those who took part in these proceedings that, if they persisted in these scandalous scenes, and in processions which caused uproar and disturbance in the streets, it would be the fault of those whose duty it was to enforce the law if they were not punished for it. He had read that very morning in the *Times* that a 'captain' in the 'Army' had been most properly convicted of causing obstruction and disturbance in the streets; and he had no doubt that such a conviction would be upheld." Referring to a design on the part of certain Town Councils for "obtaining, if necessary, special powers from Parliament to prevent these offences," Mr. Justice Manisty "believed that, if they were rightly advised, they would find that the law as it stood was sufficient to give such power, but, if not, then he was sure Parliament would confer it." It will be seen from this extract that Mr. Justice Manisty goes a little further than Lord Bramwell did in his published opinion on the law of nuisance. The latter only described what a nuisance was, and pointed out that any one who felt aggrieved by a nuisance could prosecute the person who committed it. The former asserts with the greatest plainness, what everybody knows to be the fact, that the people profanely calling themselves the "Salvation Army" constantly do commit nuisances, and gives it as his opinion that, when they do, the police ought to put a stop to that, as they would to any other offence openly committed. This is but common sense, for the police are not intended to wait to repress crime until somebody makes a formal complaint. What would be thought of a constable who should look on at an assault or a burglary, and do nothing, because the victim omitted to say that he charged the offender with his offence? And in the case of an offence which affects whole streetsful of people at a time, but which, from its transient nature, is specially likely to escape the individual prosecution which it deserves, it appears to us that the police are bound in an especial degree to take the initiative in prosecution in the interests of the whole public. If the police all over England bestir themselves properly, we believe they will have no difficulty in persuading Mr. Booth and his friends to conduct themselves, if not with decency, at least without making such a disturbance as to amount to the commission of a nuisance; and, if they do that, there need be comparatively little apprehension of retaliatory violence being provoked.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE peculiar constitution of the English money market has been clearly illustrated by the events of the past few weeks. Since 1879 trade has not been so depressed as it is at present. We have built too many ships, and in consequence the shipping trade of the country is in a very bad state. The iron trade is likewise depressed; so is the coal, and so is the cotton trade. In fact, there is scarcely an important industry in the kingdom that is not at present suffering. Agriculture has been injured, first by a long series of bad harvests, and more lately by the fall in prices; and the whole of the produce trades have likewise been affected adversely by the decline in prices. At the same time speculation is quite dormant. Owing to the panics in Paris and New York, and the great fall in the prices of securities that has resulted, there is scarcely any speculation going on. It would seem, therefore, that the rate of interest ought to be exceptionally low. Because trade is so bad, and prices are so low, it needs much less capital now to carry on the same business than was required in 1881; and, speculation being dormant, there is also less demand for the Stock Exchange. Consequently, capital ought to have accumulated in the short-loan market, and the rate of interest ought to be exceptionally low. And as trade is depressed abroad quite as much as at home, and speculation is equally dormant, there likewise ought to be an accumulation of capital in all the great centres of business all over the world, and the rate of interest ought to be low abroad as well as at home. As a matter of fact, the rate of interest was exceptionally low in the summer of this year; but during the past few weeks it has been steadily rising until it has now reached a level that nobody anticipated a month ago. And this is due solely to an export of gold. By the Bank Charter Act, the Bank of England is required to hold an equivalent amount of gold for all the notes issued by it over the specified amount which it is authorized to issue against Government securities. When therefore, gold is withdrawn from the Bank of England and exported, the Bank has to cancel an equivalent amount of notes, and consequently its reserve diminishes. But, as our readers are aware, the Bank of England holds the ultimate reserve of the whole country; and, therefore, when the reserve of the Bank of England decreases, all the banks throughout the country find their reserves proportionately diminished. If the decrease reaches a certain amount, a feeling of anxiety is generated. To reassure the commercial community and stop the decrease in its reserve, the Bank of England has but one resource, that of raising its rate of discount, and thereby raising the rate of interest in England. By doing this, it is made worth the while of those who would otherwise take away gold to leave it in London for employment, and it is also made worth the while of those who have gold employed elsewhere to send it to London, where it earns a higher rate of interest. The Bank of England has now by successive steps in a single month raised its

rate of discount from 2 per cent. to 3 per cent., from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent., and (on Thursday last) from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. In other words, the rate payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market of London has risen in four weeks 150 per cent., so intense has been the apprehension aroused by the drain, and so eager the desire to stop it.

As we explained when writing on this subject a little while ago, there is always a demand for loanable capital at this time of the year at home and abroad owing to the agricultural requirements of the season. And just now, also, this country is committed to engagements with certain foreign countries which lead to an export of gold. Large loans, for example, have been raised by our colonies and by foreign countries here in London, and the borrowers are able to take the amounts lent to them in any proportion they please in the shape of gold. In the case of the Australian Colonies, it is true, gold is not likely to be taken, for the Australian Colonies are themselves producers of gold. But, if they do not take the gold, they do not, on the other hand, send to this country the gold raised from their own mines, as they would do if they had not borrowed. The effect of the Australian loans thus is to stop shipments of gold from Australia to this country, and thereby diminish the supply of gold upon which we usually count. In the case of foreign countries generally some portion of gold may be expected to be taken in consequence of the loans raised; while the Nile expedition is sure to render necessary the shipment to Egypt of a considerable amount of gold to pay the troops and defray other expenditure. But these small drains would have little effect upon the money market were it not for the unexpected export of gold to New York. This export has assumed large proportions of late. Why it should be so nobody seems able to understand. Trade is as bad in the United States as it is in Europe, and speculation is quite as dormant. There ought, therefore, to be in New York as great an accumulation of unemployed capital as in London or Paris, and the rate of interest ought likewise to be equally low. New York has become the commercial capital of the Union, and the Associated Banks of that city keep the ultimate reserve of the whole country, just as the Bank of England keeps the ultimate reserve of the United Kingdom. As a matter of fact, we find that the Associated Banks hold at the present time an unprecedentedly large reserve. Usually at this season of the year their surplus reserve is counted by hundreds of thousands of pounds; but at present it amounts to about 6½ millions sterling. The surplus reserve, therefore, in New York is a great many times larger than it ever has been at this season of the year; and, at the same time, the rate of interest is exceptionally low. The Banks are lending upon Stock Exchange securities from day to day at from 1 to 2 per cent. But there is another point to be noted which may throw some light upon the situation. While the banks are lending upon Stock Exchange securities at from 1 to 2 per cent., they are charging as much as 5 and even 6 per cent. for discounting commercial bills. It seems to follow from this either that the Banks believe the trade of the United States to be in so very unsound a state that a crisis is coming, and consequently they are afraid of buying the bills of people in trade; or else that the Banks hold such large quantities of Stock Exchange securities that they are trying to bolster up the market for these by lending at exceptionally low rates to those who deal in the market. It may be that both influences are at work—the Banks may distrust merchants and traders generally, and they may be holders of large quantities of Stock Exchange securities. If this be so, if either explanation is the true one, or both explanations are partially true, the position of affairs in New York is much more serious than it has been hitherto supposed to be; and it would seem that gold is being sent to New York, not because it is really wanted there for employment in business, but because bankers are afraid that a crisis is approaching, and are providing themselves with all the funds they can command. There is another possible explanation—namely, that just now the United States are exporting large quantities of grain and cotton, and that as, in consequence of the badness of trade, there is no demand for English goods, exporters are taking payment in coin. It is difficult, however, to believe that this can be true. When gold cannot be employed remuneratively, it is the least profitable of all the forms in which international payments can be made. As already stated, the Banks are obliged to lend the large sums they hold at present at the rate of from 1 to 2 per cent. It follows, then, if the exporters of produce are taking payment in gold, that they are withdrawing it from London, where the gold is worth between 4 and 5 per cent., and employing it in New York, where it is not worth quite half as much. Unless there were great distrust, and everybody found it necessary to make provision against any contingencies that may arise, it would seem the natural course for men in business to leave the gold in London for employment here. Even, then, if gold is being taken to pay for imports in preference to all forms of commodities, it would seem that there must be extreme distrust in New York, and, consequently, that the position of affairs there is more serious than people have hitherto supposed.

As regards the future, it is extremely difficult to form any opinion. In the economic condition of the country there is nothing to justify so high a rate of interest as now prevails in London. Trade being depressed as it is and speculation dormant, the rate of interest ought to be very low. But if gold shipments to America continue, the rate of interest will not only remain high, but the

Bank of England will be compelled to raise it even further. In the state of trade and speculation in the United States itself, again, there appears to be nothing to justify the large drain of gold that is going on from Europe. Loanable capital is lying idle in immense amounts in New York, and the rate of interest is low. Therefore, gold ought not, according to all precedent, to go from Europe to America. But if there is a feeling approaching towards panic amongst the capitalists of New York, they may continue to draw gold from Europe in unnecessarily large amounts and at any cost that may be imposed upon them. If they do this, the Bank of England will have no option but to make the operation dearer and dearer until at length it reaches a point when the New York capitalists will cease to draw the gold. Another curious point in the situation is that the Bank of France holds considerably more than twice as much gold as the Bank of England, and at the same time the rate of interest is lower in Paris than in London; yet no gold comes from London to Paris, or, what is more surprising still, gold is not taken from Paris for New York, while it is taken from London. One would naturally suppose that the exporters of gold would buy it in the cheapest market, and Paris is the cheapest market now as compared with London. Yet they do not do so. To some extent they are prevented by the bimetallic system in France, which enables the Bank of France to refuse to pay in gold and compel its creditors to take silver. But that only partially accounts for the phenomenon. One is tempted to believe that there must be some desire to affect the London money market, and perhaps the London Stock Exchange, by this constant drain of gold which is forcing up the value of money. As yet the joint-stock and private banks, and the discount houses and bill-brokers—the outside market, as, in contradistinction to the Bank of England, they are called—have not raised their rates to the level of the Bank-rate; they are discounting more than ½ per cent. lower. There is a danger that this may enable the drain of gold to go on. But, if it does go on, the outside market will be forced to raise its rates, for the reserve of the Bank of England is now barely 9½ millions, which is much too low. The rise in the rates of interest and discount make it more difficult for embarrassed traders to tide over their difficulties. But a serious failure with a Bank reserve of 9½ millions would try the nerves of the City.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Crystal Palace concert of November 1st opened with Berlioz's overture *Le Corsaire*, intended as an overture to Byron's poem. This work is not so well known in this country as to make criticism of it unnecessary or impertinent. The general impression which it produces is not one of entire artistic success, though it is full of passages of great interest. It is not conceived as a piece of programme music, nor is it easy to grasp what particular effect is aimed at by the composer. The overture was followed by Chopin's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra No. 1 in E (Op. 11), Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg taking the solo instrument. We have already expressed our high opinion of this artist, and a second hearing has amply confirmed it. But few pianists can produce so clear and pure a tone; and in this concerto and in the solos for Pianoforte Prelude and Fugue C sharp J. S. Bach, "Evening," Schumann, waltz in E flat minor, No. 2 (Op. 93), Stephen Heller, Mlle. Kleeberg had ample opportunity of showing how sympathetically and how intelligently she can render music of widely different styles, and her artistic sympathy with various musical moods. An Orchestral Interlude from *Stanislaus*, by Liszt, with the title "Salve Polonia," was produced for the first time in England. It is in two movements, Andante Pietoso and Allegro Marziale, and is founded on a theme from the composer's setting of the eighty-fourth Psalm and two Polish national songs. With this material Liszt has constructed a first movement full of interesting, suggestive, and ingenious passages, but, on the whole, tame and uninteresting in general effect; and a second movement, in which some instances of great musical ingenuity are masked and overwhelmed by the crash of noise by which the composer has endeavoured to cover his want of inspiration and to simulate deep and heroic emotion. On the whole, we regard this production as one of greater historical than artistic interest. Madame Minnie Hauk was the vocalist, and sang "Elsa's Dream," from *Lohengrin*, "La Styrienne," from *Mignon*, and "Habanera," from *Carmen*. These songs were all fairly well given, but were disfigured by a certain "staginess" of style, by crude vocalization, and false intonation. On being encored, Madame Hauk thought fit to sing, with archness, a rubbishy Scotch song, and indulged in singularly false intonation. However, the shock soon passed off under the influence of a fine performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony (No. 5, Op. 67). It is not going too far to say that Mr. Manns has now got his hand to a point of perfection even higher than that to which he has raised it in former years. Not only is the tone exquisite throughout all parts, the balance perfect, and the attack mathematically accurate, but in even the heaviest scoring all the parts stand out in a manner that has been rarely heard in any orchestra in this country.

REVIEWS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.*

THE strange and painful impressions made by the reading of Mr. Froude's former volumes setting forth the life of Carlyle and his immediate surroundings are not removed or modified by the perusal of those which have been recently published. In some matters, indeed, the further revelations of a miserable domestic interior now made seem likely still more to damage the character of the man whose literary executor was selected in some respects so unfortunately for his own reputation, and to increase, if possible, the astonishment occasioned by the way in which the confidential and too deeply trusted friend has executed his task. No deplorable or shameful detail has been spared, a minute and exhaustive anatomical demonstration has been made of every morbid structure, the scalpel of the biographer has been ruthlessly employed to lay bare and exhibit all the ravages of disease. As Hamlet's father was sent by his unnatural brother to his grave with all his imperfections full upon him, so has Carlyle been recalled from his tomb by one who professes to have felt for him the love and veneration of a son, but who has performed by some marvellous perversion of judgment all that might have been looked for from his worst enemy.

What to show and what to withhold are, of course, questions to be considered by every one who undertakes to present a biographical portraiture; and in the very effort to secure a veracious resemblance, the intended result may be sometimes destroyed. What is truth? may be asked in no jesting spirit by an earnest inquirer, who is well content to stay for an answer, and the satisfactory response may be long in coming. It is not by any number of photographic facsimiles that a really true likeness can be given. The mind and hand of the artist are needed for the exhibition of a perfect picture. The study of Carlyle, indeed, has to be approached on many sides, and from very different points of view. He had a religion which seems not to have afforded him great comfort. He had a philosophy, which chiefly perplexed him; and an unfortunate bodily constitution, which made him generally incapable of enjoying the usual pleasures of life, or of supporting with any patience or equanimity its most ordinary troubles and annoyances. His marriage wanted the essential elements (as it seems) of domestic felicity. He and his wife had not the blessing of children, and from the very beginning of their union they appear to have always occupied separate rooms. It was a marriage which brought with it a large amount of its own special sources of unhappiness. Carlyle turned from work to the attempted pleasures of relaxation, or went sadly back to work, with equal disappointment and dissatisfaction. His fits of literary labour were uneasy and explosive. His habits were, with rare exception, morose and unsocial; his sayings were harsh and intolerant. He might with more truth be compared, among Greek philosophers, to a Diogenes, whom he resembled in his arrogance, employing the language of a Thersites, than to a Socrates or a Plato; and the well-known rebuke administered by the last to the sage of the tub might with great justice have been frequently applied to Carlyle by many of his betters whom he was so wantonly and petulantly in the habit of abusing. His attitude of scorn and contempt for science was unworthy of him, for he knew better. He had translated from Legendre, and he had read Newton, whom, together with Laplace, he despised, although for Kepler he professed the greatest admiration. With all his aspirations after veracity, and all his exclamations against shams and windbags, there was a certain want of the courage of his opinions which underlay all his wild cries and fierce denunciations of the persons and of the things which it pleased him to call by ugly and offensive names. "To come out of Houndsditch," was his phrase of invitation to the modern Christian world to abandon so much of its religion as is derived from the Hebrew sources which so largely tinctured the religion upon which Carlyle himself was brought up, and to which he owed so much of his own strength, as well as so much of his peculiarity. He hated Jews, and was opposed, with all his paraded notions of liberty, to their political emancipation in England, and he chose to identify the priests and prophets and warriors of the Old Testament with the most degenerate type of their modern descendants. The actual assault, however, on the creeds of Christendom he shrank from making, as he did from any practical effort to remedy the general state of alleged wrong and evil in the world. His detestation of the Roman Catholic religion culminated in its intensity when he saw its worship going on in the churches of Belgium; but he had nothing better to suggest, and admits that it would not be wise to disturb even that faith so long as its destruction would leave an utter blank and no means of spiritual or intellectual guidance for its believers. If he is to be compared with Greek heroes, as well as philosophers, he was more like to poor Philoctetes in Lemnos, with his perpetual wailings, than to Prometheus, with all his dignity and defiance, on the Caucasian rock. Indeed, he had stolen no fire from heaven, and he suffered chiefly from the "rat gnawing at his stomach" in the form of vulgar indigestion, and not from such a torment as that of the heaven-sent eagle who devoured the vitals of the audacious son of Japetus.

Thus far has been seen the seamy side of the tapestry; on the other hand, there remains to be given the portrait of one endowed with some singularly fine and remarkable qualities. He was a man of the most independent, honest character and of lofty thoughts, who would not for any worldly advantage abate one jot of his own standard of right and duty, essentially of a generous and kindly nature, a delightful companion, shining in society, a good son, a devoted brother, a really affectionate husband and friend, and the author of all those great contributions to English literature which have for so long placed him in the front rank of historians and essayists. This being so, why has every fault and weakness been traced with such loving insistence as to spare no ugly or repulsive detail? Would it not have been a sufficient compliance with the law of supposed veracity laid down to have indicated the existence of certain failings, and to have given specimens of them only? Why need every splanetic and hasty remark of scorn or condemnation spoken or found in the letters or journals have been preserved and printed for the misguidance of posterity? The seemingly spiteful and malignant things when spoken would have been accompanied by a laugh, and a look and an effusion of humour, which deprived them of nearly all the ill-nature and venom which they will seem to have to those who read them in cold blood, and without their surrounding warmth of atmosphere. Could Carlyle have desired that all these things should be repeated, or that his whole journal should be without any reticence or remorse laid open to the world, to the offence and dismay of the majority of those who knew him, and to give pain to the persons who are so cruelly caricatured in his etchings (bit in as they are with verjuice) and to those who cared for them? He once wrote, "Remember me generally to all friends. Good souls! I like them all better than perhaps they would suspect from my grim ways." In another place he regrets his style of talk on a certain occasion, as "so fierce, exaggerative, and scornful of surrounding men and things, as is painful to me to think of now."

Why must all his "perversions and contortions" (to quote a couple of Carlyle's own words on Rousseau) be unsparingly chronicled? Why need the discomforts occasioned between him and his wife by what should have been a thoroughly useful and agreeable friendship be dwelt upon at such length and with so much zest? An acquaintance takes place between an author of reputation and a married couple of high rank, and belonging to the best society in England. Lady Harriet Baring added to the natural advantages of her position a remarkable power of making herself liked, and was full of kindness for the man who wanted so much of what she could bestow upon him. The wife was not neglected or forgotten. In some instances a man whose reputation as an author or an artist gains him an admission to social circles to which he was not born is content to frequent them alone; nor is it easy, on many accounts, for the wife always to accompany him to houses where she also might not feel so much at home as her husband. Carlyle certainly would never have brooked any social slight upon his wife, and everything was done by the Barings to include Mrs. Carlyle in their constant kind thoughts for his welfare and amusement. Still the situation was a strained one, and a kind of jealousy grew up—aggravated, no doubt, by the husband's characteristic want of perception of the real state of his wife's feelings. Her temper, indeed, was as quick as his own; she suffered more than he did from want of regular good health; and Carlyle said of her that her tongue in anger was like a cat's, and would take the skin off at a touch; also that she had the temper of a rat-trap. Mr. Froude says she had a terrible habit of speaking out the exact truth when it had better have been left unspoken. It is not surprising that Carlyle should sometimes have been glad to go to Bath House without her, or that she should have inwardly resented his absences. Nor were the two women, other considerations apart, with their own individual natures, ever likely to have got on very well together or to have become suitable and easy-going friends. But no opportunity is omitted of showing Mrs. Carlyle in a bad light, and she has fared even worse than her husband in these volumes. It is called "administering a shrewing" to Carlyle when she laid before him a long and carefully-prepared "budget" of domestic expenses, in order to spare him as much trouble as she could. She always did avoid troubling him, and on this occasion was ready to make much personal sacrifice. The paper itself is full of cleverness and humour, which has not been noted, and it deserves a better appreciation than it has received.

It is, of course, impossible to note all the matters of consequence and amusement in these pregnant volumes, which, with due expression of regret for the spirit in which it has seemed right to produce them, cannot be laid down without a deep feeling of their importance and surpassing interest. They contain the history of the sayings and writings and doings of Carlyle for the last forty years of his life, beginning from his removal in 1834, at the age of thirty-nine, to London, where he resided in the same well-known house at Chelsea until his death in 1881. We have the beginnings of the writing of the *French Revolution* and the tragic story of the burning of the manuscript for the first volume, which brought out some of Carlyle's very finest qualities. We can read of his early struggles with poverty and depression, and of his reception in the best London society.

It was he who got the now flourishing London Library founded, in order that he might have books at home instead of going to read them at the expense of much loss of time and headaches at the British Museum. What afterwards appeared as the *Chartism*

* Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

was first offered as an article for the *Quarterly Review* to Lockhart, between whom and Carlyle there existed much mutual regard. The lectures given in London were Carlyle's first breadwinners, and the account of their delivery, and the throes and anguish they caused, is most interesting. The names of Monckton Milnes, Tennyson, and Thirlwall are among the few which are mentioned without slight or sneer. The trial at which Carlyle was obliged to serve as a special jurymen illustrates his impatience of obedience and submission to the ordinary duties of citizenship, as well as his humour and his fitness for practical life, if he had chosen or had been able to overcome his wayward dislike to enter into it under the necessary conditions of mutual convenience and concession. In 1840 the *Cromwell* begins to loom in the distance. The short visit to Belgium shows Carlyle in a truly charming light, and his records of it are justly classed by Mr. Froude as among the lightest and brightest of all tourists' diaries. Would that such chances had turned up more often for him, and that he had more frequently availed himself of such as did offer themselves; but to do anything, and still more to settle to do anything, seems to have been always a thing repugnant to his nature.

The writings of an immediate political bearing began with *Past and Present*, and to the effect of these Mr. Froude attaches more importance than they really ever had. The only occasion when Carlyle attempted to take part in public affairs otherwise than by writing was in the matter of Governor Eyre, when his action was abortive. Nor will many be found to agree with Mr. Froude that the conduct of the English Government in refusing to take sides with France in the Franco-German War, and again on a later occasion in Turkey, was due to Carlyle's letters in the *Times*. The time spent with Bishop Thirlwall, the annual visits to Scotland, the journeys to Germany to collect materials and see the actual battlefields for the *Frederick the Second*, together with the incidents of other absences from London, offer most delightful reading. Passages describing places and scenery from the journals or letters are full of beauty and of that power of close and accurate representation which distinguish their writer. Interest rises to its height in the installation of Carlyle as Lord Rector at Edinburgh, and the sudden death of his wife while he was still away from home. On his eightieth birthday Carlyle received the gift of a gold medal with his head in profile from some of his friends and admirers. This is called a Scotch medal, but the list of subscribers does not suggest any such limitation of nationality to the tribute of regard; and it may be remarked that Mr. Froude does not appear to have been one of them.

These volumes have the indisputable advantage of containing more of Mr. Froude's own work and of his own arrangement of the vast mass of matter at his disposal than his predecessors in the series to which they belong, and which, it may be presumed, they bring to a conclusion. In many passages where he writes ostensibly in his own name, he must, as we imagine, be considered as the posthumous mouthpiece of his departed master, whom he thinks it is his duty to continue to personate. He seems to labour under the belief that the mantle of the prophet has fallen on his shoulders, so that it has become his appointed mission to persist in the propagation of the doctrines of the *fides Carlylica*, whatever that exactly may have been.

NOVELS AND SKETCHES.*

MR. JENKINS describes his new novel—which is not his best—as “a study of human emotions, chiefly in the sphere” which is “adorned and dignified” by peers. It is easy reading; but if human emotions proceed as it would have us believe they do in any sphere whatever, then is most good literature at fault. As it seems to us, indeed, Mr. Jenkins is a trifle mistaken in the quality of his work, which is that, not of a study of anything in particular, but of a florid, exciting sensational story, somewhat in the manner of the late Gaboriau. He opens with a magnificent murder. In mid Regent Circus, in the height of the season, with Peter Robinson's in full swing, and such a crowd in full career as only Mr. Jenkins could imagine and describe, the traffic—“brisk, noisy, turbulent”—is suddenly interrupted by the noise of a tremendous explosion. What has happened nobody quite knows. But there is seen to be a hole in the macadam “like the depression which would have been caused by the perpendicular fall of a cannon-ball of great size”; an “elegant cab,” the Earl of Tilbury's, is lying on its side in the middle of the road, with its “young and fashionable Jehu” extended motionless “beside it; and there is a sudden shower of blood,” and with it “here and there small knobs and particles of something which made people instinctively shudder and cry out when they became conscious of its presence on skin or clothing.” It was evident that something was wrong, but what was it? The Earl of Tilbury's tiger had seen a short gentleman pass in front

of the cab, and “all of a sudden like—whiff!”—go off into “ten thousand million pieces”; a stray human hand was discovered in a photographer's window some two hundred and fifty yards away; Lord Selby's steward, Mr. Barton, disappeared from the busy haunts of men; and everybody—including the Home Secretary and the Chief Commissioner—opined it was Fenians. Everybody, that is to say, save Mr. Sontag, the eminent detective. The active and intelligent officer on duty at the Circus that day had impounded the coat and waistcoat of one of the spectators, by reason of the uncommon damage they had received from the mysterious shower; and in examining these garments the gifted Sontag had discovered a spicula of enamel, which turned out to be part of the face of one of Frodsham's watches. Now Mr. Barton wore a Frodsham; Mr. Barton had disappeared; Mr. Barton was the Earl of Selby's agent; the Earl of Selby—“a man who had sat at the Foreign Office, and held his own with Gortchakoff and Bunsen, and Cavour and Bismarck”—was a man of infinite resource and daring, and might possibly have had reasons of his own for . . . Do you see it coming? Sontag did, and so did Barton's son (in love with Lady Blanche Layton, the Earl of Selby's daughter); and then followed such a “week of passion” that Mr. Jenkins, after due consideration, felt bound to take it as the title—a good but rather misleading title it is—of his present book. More than this we shall not disclose. Does Barton marry Lady Blanche? Did the Earl of Selby (in conjunction with the Home Secretary and the Chief Commissioner) attempt to burke the inquiry into the Regent Circus affair? Was it Fenians? or was it Sontag? or the eminent solicitors, Pollard and Pollard? These deeply interesting questions are only to be answered by the book itself. It will repay perusal, especially as a story, but also (after all we are compelled to admit as much) as a study of human emotions in that sphere which Lord Carnarvon dignifies and adorns. *Eccè signum*. This is the effect produced by Lady Blanche in the act of “wiggling” (there is really no other word for it) the man who had held his own with Bismarck and Cavour:—

Her appearance, in her white dress, with her head thrown back, her fine nostrils quivering, her eyes aflame, her lips curling with scorn, her exquisite young figure undulating with the movements of passion, the cross—his wife's cross—shining on her heaving throat—formed altogether a superb, awful, complex statue of passion. It was Greek in its marvellous beauty and heathen implacability, Dantesque in its deep volcanic energy, Romantic in its chivalrous audacity—and, with that cross of Christian hope on its breast, seemed to draw its moral indignation from the severe sources of Christian enthusiasm. The quick observer (Lord Selby to wit) to whom *Æschylus*, and *Dante*, and *Shakespeare*, and *Goethe* were familiar spirits, was struck by it, as an embodiment of the finest passion of all the grand ages.

Is there any wonder? It is only in the sphere of which Mr. Jenkins discourses that you get such miraculous combinations—Greek, Romantic, Christian, and Dantesque—at one and the same instant as that; it is only there that by calling your daughter's lover “whelp” you can instantly achieve an embodiment of the grand passions of all the finest ages. And yet they want to abolish the House of Lords!

The heroine of Mrs. Bennett-Edwards's new book is a gifted actress rejoicing in a glorious past, a perfect figure, and the silly name of Star. She is an artist body and soul; but she has married into a family of Pharisees; and, though she passionately loves her husband and her little boy, she is fain to seek relief from the Phariseism which encompasses her by philandering—platonically and æsthetically—with her husband's brother Errol. The county families refuse to associate with her—as county families always do; her husband gets worsted at an election in consequence of her presence in his household—as husbands who have married actresses always will; she is snubbed by her husband's mother, despised by her husband's friends, and disliked by her husband's sisters; but she bears it all without a murmur until she hears her husband confess to his bosom crony, a certain Major Peveril (as disgusting and unnatural a prig as himself), that, if he had known what was to come, he would never have married her. At once she runs away and hides herself. She is an ex-actress, and a wife of ten years' standing; but her purity of soul is such that, in perfect good faith, she flies to St. John's Wood, and takes up her abode in the house of a certain Milly, a figurante whom in former years she had known and befriended. Errol, meanwhile, has started in pursuit, in such a way as to make the injured husband believe all manner of things; and here, in due course, he finds her. From this time forward he, Star, and the husband are engaged in a triangular duel of unnatural silliness. Star (more or less in love with Errol) insists on going away and living with him as brother and sister, and—as Errol is a kind of painter—assisting him in his art, but ends by returning to the stage and playing petticoat parts in burlesque; Errol (magnificently in love with Star) refuses to go away with her, and departs alone; the husband (also in love with Star) refuses to listen to any explanations but the wrong ones, obliges his wife to quit the stage, and insults her into brain fever. Then Errol returns, and is found “colloquing” with the half-distraught Star by the prig Peveril. Peveril tells the husband, and the husband, who is all this while in the hands of the lovely but mendacious and Pharisaical Phyllis, seems savagely resigned; and Star, tired of brain fever and high-toned sentiment, begins to talk of devoting herself in right down earnest to Errol (who is dreadfully afraid of her, and clings quite desperately to the platonic theory of love), till she is taken down into Cornwall (or somewhere) for change of air. Here she falls in promiscuously with her son, and, learning from his lips that he is being educated

* *A Week of Passion*. By Edward Jenkins. London: Remington. 3 vols. 1884.

Pharisees. By Mrs. H. Bennett-Edwards. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 3 vols. 1884.

Mitchelhurst Place. By Margaret Velej. London: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 1884.

Reed Farm. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

Slyboots. By Beata Francis. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

The Best Season on Record. By Captain Penn-ll-Elmhirst. London: Routledge & Co. 1884.

to the belief that she is no better than she should be, she passes out of such life as Mrs. Bennett-Edwards has been able to make for her in a rhapsody of analytical description such as only Mrs. Bennett-Edwards could write. Leaving Errol to become a great painter; her husband to disappear into space; her poor friend Milly (by far the best work in the book) to return to the stage of the Vanity; her child to develop into a Pharisee of the strictest sort; and her readers to wonder why her author could find nothing better to do than the work of creating Star and the several idiots who gabble and antic in her train.

It is a relief to turn from Mrs. Bennett-Edwards to Miss Veley, from *Pharisees to Mitchellhurst Place*, from something fundamentally impossible and unpleasant to something which at the worst is only discouraging and unnecessary. Miss Veley writes—in excellent English and with abundant cleverness and insight—of one of Nature's stepchildren, of a man marked down for misfortune to the extent of being himself his curse and his executioner. The verses she has chosen for her epigraph are perfectly appropriate:—

Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure.

In this case the "malvenu" is a certain Reynold Harding; and Miss Veley's history is the history of how he had his chance and missed it, partly by reason of his destiny and partly by reason of himself and his temper. It is clever enough, but it is vastly unprofitable reading. Where is the use of telling—and that with unction and understanding—the story of how some pitiful creature blunders life away, and loses love, happiness, self-respect, existence even, by the operation of a series of his own and other people's mistakes? The struggles of a fly in a fly-cage were just as exemplary, the account of them just as satisfying and as useful. You put down the book with the reflection that, if this is the end of art, then, for the world's sake, art had better cease to exist. It is nothing to the purpose that Miss Veley writes well, and thinks and feels like a genuine human being; that her heroine is very pretty and pleasant; that her *père noble* is very cleverly sketched; that her scenery and atmosphere are singularly good and real; and that her hapless hero—though, to be sure, he is much more womanly than manlike throughout—is a really pathetic and affecting figure. All this is true; and yet, and yet . . . The book need never have been written, and, having been written, will do nobody any good, nor make anybody one pennyworth the wiser or happier. That is all the case against it; but that, we take it, is enough.

In *Reed Farm* Mrs. O'Reilly has written a book which, for all its purpose and its determined "religiosity," is quite pleasant and affecting reading. Her characters, with a single exception—the apostolic and dreadful little cripple—are studied from the life; her scenery is taken from nature; her manners are a reflection of manners as they are; in certain parts of her work—her portraiture of Miss Betsy Thorne; her sketch of Katharine Thorne, all placid selfishness and essential dishonesty and timidity; her picture of the quiet, natural piety, the strong and simple goodness of her hero Abel, and the quick impulsive sincerity and uprightness of her heroine, the excitable, incomprehensible Kitty—she appears to us to rise to a good level of art, and to maintain herself there without apparent effort. We take it, indeed, as a kind of grievance that she prefers the sectarian public to the general, and insists upon writing "with a purpose" instead of trusting to herself and to the unconscious morality of art. All good art is essentially moral; you cannot be a good artist, and be without a certain moral influence. Mrs. O'Reilly would probably deny these premises, but her present work is a proof of them. One of the good things in it is her presentation of the young man Abel; it is simply and naturally done, it is perfectly sincere, it is thoroughly intelligent; and after reading it, you are in a certain sort the better for the experience. On the other hand, Mrs. O'Reilly, in her portraiture of Christopher the gifted cripple, elects to be "improving," and only succeeds in being tedious and unnatural; more than that, in spoiling the effect of the good, honest, well-meaning work with which this effect is envied. Q. E. D.

Of the other books on our list there is very little indeed to say. In *Slyboots* and the other "farmyard chronicles" with which it is accompanied Miss (or Mrs.) Francis does her best to make animals talk and think like human beings, and is depressingly successful. The best of the set is "The Poet," which is really rather funny than otherwise. In *The Best Season on Record* (reprinted from *The Field*), Captain Pennell-Elmhirst and Mr. John Sturgess, the one in words, the other in line and colour, relate their adventures, with plenty of gusto, and (even to non-hunting readers) a certain victorious assurance, during a good time they had in Leicestershire. The author writes with spirit and understanding; the artist is a very good second; in both text and pictures signs of amateurishness are not wanting. To professional men, however, the work will certainly seem perfect.

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-MINISTER.*

THE conditions of political life have changed so completely in the short interval since Lord Malmesbury ended his active

* *Memoirs of an ex-Minister: an Autobiography.* By the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

career that the publication during his lifetime of his Autobiography cannot be deemed premature. He had long since made a valuable contribution to the history of a former generation by editing the diplomatic journals and correspondence of his grandfather, the first Earl. It happened that the familiarity with diplomatic transactions and forms which he had acquired in preparing the papers for publication enabled him to discharge with ease and accuracy the routine duties of the Foreign Office when he was raised without previous experience or training to the high office of Secretary of State. The present Autobiography will for the first time render general and popular the just appreciation of Lord Malmesbury's character and abilities which was always entertained by his colleagues and friends. Having never sat in the House of Commons, nor, except in his official capacity, taken a prominent part in debate, he has scarcely attained the reputation which he deserves. The Autobiography goes far to justify the confidence which induced Lord Derby to trust him as a confidential adviser and colleague. Lord Malmesbury's good sense, moderation, and placable temper are conspicuously exhibited in his journals. No more interesting compilation of the kind has been published in illustration of the history of the present reign, and in the latter part of the work Lord Malmesbury has the field to himself. Without violating confidence or infringing on propriety, he has brought his desultory narrative down almost to the present day. It is perhaps by an oversight that he has on a few occasions mentioned the differences and the decisions of Cabinet Councils, though he never discloses important secrets. Lord Ellenborough, or the editor of his journals, has been blamed for a systematic disregard of a rule of official etiquette which seems now and then to have been forgotten by Lord Malmesbury. The style of the journal is spirited, easy, and attractive; and the matter is extraordinarily copious and varied. The dullest reader could not fail to perceive that he was reading the memoirs of an accomplished gentleman and a thorough man of the world. Having once for all learned that Lord Malmesbury is a consistent Tory, it will not be worth the while of critics to object to his politics in detail. The book is not the less attractive because it records a life which seems to have been fortunate in public and private relations. It is difficult to judge whether Lord Malmesbury would have emerged from obscurity if he had not enjoyed the advantages of rank and station. It is enough to know that he was ready and able to avail himself of favourable opportunities. When political fortune from time to time turned against him he had a pleasant home to fall back upon. It is easy to understand his early and life-long attachment to the wild country then extending from Christchurch to Poole, by which Heron Court was surrounded. Several eagles were killed there within his recollection. Lord Palmerston shot a lesser bustard on his land, and Lord Malmesbury himself, in 1826, killed a blackcock on the spot where St. Peter's Church, Bournemouth, now stands. His anecdotes of smugglers are not less curious. He was himself once, as a boy, taken into custody by one of a gang; and on his release he kept, as might be expected, the promise which he had given not to betray his captor. At a private school at Wimborne he and his brother were thrashed by their companions for two breaches of schoolboy law, one of them vicarious. The young Harries could talk French, and their father was, as they were puzzled to learn, a vulpicide. It was useless to explain that there were no hounds near Heron Court, and that hunting amid the swamps and rivers would be impossible. As they could neither unlearn their French nor clear their father's character, the brothers made a joint attack on their chief persecutor, with the result of obtaining immunity for the future. He also speaks of fights at Eton, and relates how the coaches on the road used to stop to see the battles. A published letter of Sir G. C. Lewis mentions an engagement of the kind "between Fitzharris and Buccleugh."

The political experiences of later years are more important and more interesting; but it is impossible in a limited space to make a selection which would fairly represent the most valuable parts of the journal. The second Earl of Malmesbury, living himself in close retirement, objected, for reasons which are not explained, to his son's natural desire for a seat in the House of Commons. It was not till his death, in 1841, that the present Lord Malmesbury was able to take an active part in public life. It is evident that he soon acquired the confidence of the Tory party; and he formed a close personal and political intimacy with Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby. Of Disraeli, with whom he was less closely associated, he always speaks with good feeling and with appreciation of his ability; but he had apparent reason to be often dissatisfied with his conduct, especially when Disraeli withheld from the House of Commons, in 1859, the Blue-book which recorded Lord Malmesbury's efforts to localize and terminate the war between Prussia and Austria. Many members of the House of Commons, including Cobden, afterwards stated that they would have voted with Lord Derby's Government in the decisive division if they had seen the correspondence. Some of them might perhaps have acted in accordance with their hypothetical declarations. On that occasion Mr. Gladstone had supported the Government; and the whole course of future history might have been changed if he had maintained his renewed alliance with the Conservative party. Some of Lord Malmesbury's remarks throw a new light on Disraeli's character. When the Conservative Government was formed in 1852 he found Disraeli "in a state of delight at the idea of coming into office. He said 'he felt just like a young girl going to her first ball,' constantly repenting 'Now we have got a status.' With all his apparent apathy when attacked in the House of Commons, he is always, when out of it, in the highest

state of elation or the lowest depths of despair, according to the fortune of the day."

Lord Malmesbury was first induced to take an active interest in politics by his repugnance to the repeal of the Corn-laws. He appears in a few months to have become a principal manager of the Conservative party; and Lord Derby offered him the Colonial Office when he attempted to form a Government in 1851, and made him Foreign Secretary in 1852. In 1853 he was again appointed to the same office, and he declined it for the place of Privy Seal in 1866. He held the Privy Seal again under Disraeli from 1874 to 1876, when he finally retired. In Lord Derby's absence, and for a short time after his resignation, he led the Conservative party in the House of Lords, being by an odd accident charged with the conduct of the Reform Bill of 1867, of which, in common with the great majority of the Peers, he utterly disapproved. Lord Malmesbury owed his successive appointments as Foreign Secretary to other considerations besides the friendship and good opinion of Lord Derby. He spoke French fluently and correctly, he had edited the Malmesbury Correspondence, and he was personally intimate with Louis Napoleon, who had just before the formation of Lord Derby's Government made himself master of France. Their first acquaintance arose from an introduction of Lord Malmesbury to Queen Hortense by Lord Byron's Mme. Guiccioli. Their intercourse was continued in England, and in 1845, in compliance with an earnest wish of Louis Napoleon, Lord Malmesbury with some difficulty obtained permission to pay him a visit in the fortress of Ham. The Prince's object was to obtain through the English Government permission to accept a strange offer of the Presidency of the Republic of Ecuador. He proposed to pledge his word that he would not return to Europe; and he was to recompense the services which he hoped to receive from the English Government, by some project of an Inter-oceanic Canal to be made in Nicaragua. The project came to nothing; but Lord Malmesbury was strongly impressed by the calm resolution, "or rather philosophy," of the Prince. He placed little confidence in his renunciation of the throne of France. After the escape of Louis Napoleon their friendship was renewed; and Lord Malmesbury often visited the President and Emperor at Paris in the height of his splendour; but he incurred the serious resentment of Napoleon III. in 1859 by the efforts which he made as Foreign Minister to prevent the Austrian war. Lord Malmesbury had learned to distrust his former friend; but he afterwards satisfied the Emperor that he had done his best to discountenance the intervention of Prussia after the battle of Magenta. Count Walewski, then Foreign Minister, had withheld from the knowledge of the Emperor an important despatch of Lord Malmesbury's. Under personal and absolute Governments Ministers revenge themselves for their want of independence by sometimes tricking their sovereigns into the policy which they deem expedient. Walewski may perhaps have hoped to induce Napoleon III. to make peace by leading him to believe that England and Prussia were concerting measures for the relief of Austria. In April 1870 Lord Malmesbury dined with the Emperor, and found, when he congratulated him on the seven millions of votes which had been given for the Empire in the recent plebiscite, that he was dissatisfied because fifty thousand soldiers had voted in the negative. Lord Malmesbury found the visit painful because the Emperor seemed to have become old and broken. In the following March, on the day after the Emperor's arrival in England, Lord Malmesbury went to see him at Chislehurst. "I confess," he says, "that I was never more moved. His quiet and calm dignity, and absence of all nervousness and irritability, were the grandest examples of human moral courage that the severest Stoic could have imagined." Few writers of memoirs have in the ordinary course of their narrative had occasion to record the beginning, middle, and end of so wonderful an historical drama.

Lord Malmesbury appears never to have allowed political antagonism to degenerate into personal disagreement. He maintained through life a hereditary friendship with Lord Palmerston, who had been a ward of his grandfather, and with Lord Canning, who was the son of the same statesman's closest political ally. The social portions of the Memoirs are almost always rendered pleasant by their cheerful and kindly tone. Students of public events, and especially of foreign politics, will find abundant information. It is from no wish to depreciate Lord Malmesbury's general accuracy that the present notice of his book must end with a correction relating to an incident of some importance. The journal for 1853 contains an apparently curious disclosure which is almost certainly founded on a still more curious mistake. Lord Malmesbury has in several passages made a slight and involuntary confusion between his original entries and the narrative of a later period. In a footnote, which may, perhaps, be of the same date with the passage to which it refers, he explains his reason for publishing a statement which he may, possibly, not have included in his journal at the time. Even if the passage is contemporary, it can scarcely be accurate. "When," says Lord Malmesbury, "the Emperor Nicholas came to England in 1844, he, Sir Robert Peel (then Prime Minister), the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Aberdeen (then Foreign Secretary) drew up and signed a Memorandum, the spirit and scope of which was to support Russia in her legitimate protectorship of the Greek religion and the Holy Shrines, and to do so without consulting France." While Lord Malmesbury was at the Foreign Office, he had been unable to understand Baron Brunnow's mysterious allusions to a paper which he had never seen; but he supposes that, although the

Duke and Peel were dead, the Emperor relied on Lord Aberdeen's assent to his plan for attacking Turkey on the pretext of the French pretension to the guardianship of the Holy Shrines. The same story was published two or three years ago by Mr. Percy Thornton in his *Lives of English Foreign Ministers*. It was evident that the writer believed that he had good authority for his statement; and it may now be assumed that his information proceeded directly or indirectly from Lord Malmesbury. It is improbable that two independent inquirers can have fallen into the same misconception. In 1844, the Emperor Nicholas conferred with the Ministers who have been mentioned, not on a controversy about the Holy Places, which first began eight or nine years afterwards, nor on a protectorate of the Orthodox Church, which could only be exercised in the existing dominions of the Sultan, but on the policy which should be adopted in the event of a breaking-up of the Turkish Empire. There is no reason to suppose that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues committed themselves to any hypothetical course of action, and they signed no document; but, finally, the Emperor was allowed to deposit in the archives of the Foreign Office a Memorandum which professedly expressed his own intentions, with the singular addition of a statement that his policy commanded the full assent of Austria. It was evidently to this paper that Brunnow made the mysterious allusions which puzzled Lord Malmesbury. There cannot have been two such secret documents; nor is it conceivable that Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington would have discussed with the Emperor so frivolous and irrelevant a question as that of the protectorship of the Holy Places. The French claim was first raised by Louis Napoleon, who, in 1844, was preparing, not for a war with Russia, as a sovereign of France, but for the Boulogne adventure. Lord Malmesbury, after he left office, had probably no opportunity of seeing the paper of which, as Minister, he had not known the existence. He seems to have assumed that, as the war began with a squabble about the Holy Places, the same issue had occupied the minds of the Emperor Nicholas and the English Ministers during the profound tranquillity of 1844. Large portions of the Memorandum are quoted in the fourth chapter of Mr. Kinglake's first volume. There is, as might be expected, no mention of the Holy Places; nor is France excluded from the European concert. Lord Malmesbury in other passages rightly attributes to Napoleon III. the deliberate purpose of contriving a quarrel with Russia, which Louis Philippe can scarcely have contemplated as desirable or probable in 1844. At that time the French and English Courts were united by cordial friendship; and M. Guizot boasted of the full confidence reposed by Lord Aberdeen in the good faith which was not flagrantly violated for two years more.

TRAILL'S COLERIDGE.*

IF it were not for one consideration, to be mentioned presently, and furnished by Mr. Traill himself, we should be disposed to agree with him that, either to give a complete biography of Coleridge or to give a critical appreciation of his work as a whole, a writer "should have the elbow-room of a portly volume." On the face of it the proposition seems indisputable. Coleridge's work, if not great in bulk, is so astonishingly various in subject and kind, so exceptional in the measure and nature of its merits, and so unique in the character of its defects; the events of his life, hitherto not "written" in the proper sense at all, have to be hunted out in so many different quarters, and, though the information respecting them is not exactly scanty in total amount, present so many gaps, and, as a whole, such a strange and singular problem, that the two regulation octaves of a standard biography might certainly be claimed with apparent reason as necessary to their treatment. The chief objection to the claim is that Mr. Traill has treated them most admirably and adequately in one small and thin duodecimo (as our fathers would have called it, though we are bidden to call it crown 8vo. nowadays), and has thus demolished his own proposition. That he has been obliged to omit much that he would like to have written and that his readers would have been glad to read is, indeed, probable. But it may, perhaps, be doubted whether the gain of brevity is not greater than the loss in such cases, and especially in this case. Fault has been found with this series, and with some others formed on its model, because, it is said, they can never properly supersede the reading of the authors they deal with. It is probably safe to say that scarcely one of the eminent or not eminent hands engaged on them has ever dreamt that his work could do anything of the kind. That men who have time to read the originals may attack them intelligently and knowing something about them; that those who have not time may at any rate have the completeness of their ignorance removed, are the objects; and for this purpose a couple of hundred pages in the hands of a competent man ought to be sufficient in the case of almost any English man of letters. Moreover, in the writing of long books about men and about other books, there is a danger which there is not in the writing of short ones, the danger of writing "about it and about it." We suspect very strongly that in some cases, at any rate, those who find fault with such books as this of Mr. Traill's really like the "about it and about it" style. It is not facts that they miss; the expert can

* *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. Coleridge. By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

put the facts of even the busiest life in two hundred pages. It is not criticism that they desiderate; the expert can give a sufficient "study" of fifty volumes in the limits of a *Quarterly* article. It is the woolly gush, if a somewhat incongruous phrase may be permitted, about the life of an author, the flabby gabble about his work, that is missed; and from the apparent popularity of some periodicals and some books in these days, it is evident that there is a considerable demand for this gush and this gabble. There are critics to-day who would, we suspect, accuse Thucydides, if he were a contemporary, of treating his subject with reprehensible superficiality because he has written a single volume where Mr. Froude or Mr. Freeman would have written a dozen.

We should pay, therefore, very little attention to any one who accused Mr. Traill of treating his subject inadequately in point of scale, and (though we are far from being in uniform agreement with him) we should not rate much more highly any complaints which might be made of his general view of Coleridge, either as a man or as a writer. Such complaints were to be anticipated for reasons closely connected with those given above. To the busy idleness of some of our modern sentimentalists, philosophical and literary, the straightforward fashion in which Mr. Traill deals with and dismisses Coleridge's opium-eating, his singular conception of the duties of a husband and father, the unparalleled phenomenon of his brief period of exquisite poetry followed by half a life-time of sterility, and the like, must naturally seem horrible. Their feelings may be supposed to be something like those of Charles Kingsley's country doctor when his self-appointed partner told a patient from whom weeks of profitable "attendance" and "medicine" might be expected to take exercise and gather Carrageen moss for himself on the shore. An unequalled opportunity is thrown away. Further, to do critics of this order justice, it is very possible that they feel a genuine dissatisfaction with Mr. Traill's handling. There is no ethical *marivaudage* about it, no fiddle-faddling with questions of motive and responsibility, no attempts to show that what would be disgraceful in a man of not-genius is interesting and attractive and almost respectable in a man of genius. Mr. Traill finds Coleridge at all periods of life singularly ready to accept gifts, to devolve his responsibilities on others, to form magnificent plans and fail to carry them out, not because he could not, but because he did not try to do so; and he says frankly that such a character seems to him "wanting in manliness of fibre." He finds that this man of genius, for about a dozen years of his life, practically ceased to be a responsible, and at times almost ceased to be a reasonable, creature because he drugged himself with opium; and he speaks his mind on this point also. He is anything but tender to Coleridge for his practical desertion of his wife. These instances of robust and old-fashioned morality naturally shock some people. For our part, we find ourselves in almost complete agreement with Mr. Traill in regard to all of them. If anybody thinks that the biographer has failed to grasp his subject's character, we can assure that person that he is committing the very common error of casting about for elaborate and non-natural solutions of very simple problems. Long before Coleridge took to opium he had shown the essential instability, the want of fibre, of his character; it only needed the fatal habit to which he addicted himself at the very time when a man's character is finally decided to confirm his infirmity.

In matters of literary criticism we are not quite so much at one with Mr. Traill. Lavish and genuine as his expressions of admiration for Coleridge's poetry are, he perhaps does not admire it quite in the right way. The fatal "criticism of life" theory seems to have taken some hold of him, and the inevitable result of this theory is that the theorist begins to look at poetry as if it were something else than poetry. This is especially noticeable in his remarks on *Kubla Khan*, a poem which we have found a touchstone in other cases. To Mr. Traill *Kubla Khan* is "hardly more than a psychological curiosity, and only that, perhaps, because of the completeness of its metrical form." And Mr. Traill goes on to remark, in a very interesting and, psychologically speaking, a very true passage, that many men of almost ordinary intellectual and imaginative capacity have visions of a similar kind, which, however, are effaced before they can be put down. "The wonder is," he adds, "that Coleridge's brain retained the word-impressions sufficiently long." Precisely so; but it is almost a greater wonder that a critic so acute as Mr. Traill should not see that this is a triumph of the specially poetical faculty. The differentia of the poet has never, perhaps, been satisfactorily defined; but of the more or less satisfactory descriptions, as opposed to definitions, of it, few are better than Mr. Browning's "Poet, you tell What we felt only." Now here is a poet, who, sole and single among poets, has caught and solidified this particular class of impression, and has expressed it in verse, than which for technical perfection and suggestive power of words and metre nothing better has ever been written. This is surely something more than a psychological curiosity; it is a triumph, and a unique triumph, under the strictest poetical conditions, of the strictly poetical faculty. If the ever-cursed "Person from Porlock" (whom all good lovers of English poetry anathematize solemnly when they pass through that pretty village) had not broken the spell, we should have had more of the triumph in amount—a greater volume of poetical delight. But it would have been a difference of amount merely. Those who read "for the story," or who want to criticize *Kubla Khan*'s life, or who are uncomfortable because of the scanty information afforded by the poem as to

the politics, sociology, morals, and general economy of Xanadu (we need hardly say we do not include Mr. Traill among these), may consider the poem a pointless farrago, as somebody once said of something else. To those who love poetry for poetry's sake few poems are more entirely delightful.

On the other hand, Mr. Traill's remarks on *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* are admirable pieces of criticism, and we are not disposed to question the justice of the strictures which he mingles with his praise of the "Love" stanzas, heretical as those strictures may seem to some people. To *Religious Musings* he is, we think, rather too kind; but this poem has been the occasion of a more remarkable collection of conflicting judgments than almost any other that we can remember. Even better than the criticisms on the poetical works are the pages (especially to be recommended to the reader) in which Mr. Traill deals with Coleridge's contributions to journalism. We should like if it were not too long for quotation to quote this passage, which is not only excellent in relation to Coleridge, but a very valuable criticism of English journalism generally. On the other prose works Mr. Traill is equally well worth hearing. His censure of the *Friend*, as a whole, is certainly just; but, on the other hand, we think rather better of the *Biographia Literaria* than he (while speaking enthusiastically of the chapters on Wordsworth's poetry, and quoting freely the inimitable scraps of autobiographic anecdote) seems to do on the whole. We fall in with him again as to the *Aids to Reflection*, a singularly overrated book. He has, moreover, dealt very well indeed with the perplexed and (in a book intended for general reading) difficult subject of Coleridge's later theosophy, and of the singular embodiment which it found in the *Spiritual Philosophy* of the late Mr. Green, avoiding at once the error of merely popular treatment, and the error of addressing himself to philosophical experts only. The sole fault which can be found with the treatment is that Mr. Traill seems to adopt rather too positively the view that all philosophy based on intuition must be taken with indulgence and reservation of disbelief in it. It is, however, here more than elsewhere that the plea of insufficient elbow-room has most force. We have left ourselves no space to speak of the literary merit of the book, but that in Mr. Traill's case requires little warranty of ours. The peroration is excellent; full of thought and soberly polished in style. The illustrations here and there thrown in are often very happy, as when Mr. Traill quotes a diatribe of Coleridge's against the literary incompleteness of the younger Pitt's speeches, and wickedly suggests that with the proper name changed it might do for some one else; when he draws attention to the way in which Mr. Bright's eloquent voice makes the extremely commonplace verse that he is fond of quoting sound like poetry, and when he compares Carlyle's description of Coleridge's "solemn quaver" to the oratorical manner of the late Dean Mansel. To one little matter we may call Mr. Traill's attention. He accepts De Quincey's view that the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter" incident (in which the company at Sotheby's dinner-table, where Scott and Coleridge were present, criticized the poem unfavourably till Coleridge owned himself to be the author) was a concerted hoax. But Mr. Traill must surely have forgotten Archbishop Howley's account of the scene communicated by Morritt to Lockhart, and published by him in the *Life of Scott*. This account seems to us quite incompatible with the idea of a hoax, and, as the narrative of a sober eyewitness, it of course puts De Quincey's mere hypothesis quite out of court. As we have mentioned De Quincey, we may as well finish by saying that Mr. Traill's treatment of that most troublesome witness seems to us, on the whole, very judicious. No two persons, probably, will ever agree exactly as to how much of De Quincey's unsupported statements in any case is fact and how much hallucination, hypothesis, inference, or mere elfish fancy. But, on the whole, Mr. Traill seems to have gone about with him most discreetly.

BINGHAM'S LETTERS AND DESPATCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.*

THE selection from the voluminous correspondence of the First Napoleon which Captain Bingham has placed before us forms a book nearly as amusing as his lively work on "The Marriages of the Bonapartes," and of more serious interest. There was no need for him to take a tone of apology for a hackneyed subject. "Much has already been written about Napoleon, but people still write about Cæsar." If everything were known about him that could be known, Napoleon would still remain a fascinating subject. So long as human nature continues unaltered, the character of a man with such a genius for enslaving, figuratively as well as literally, his fellow-men, must be worth studying. We have seen or heard it said that, after all, the great Napoleon could not have been such a mean cur as Lanfrey makes him out. Unhappily all investigation seems only to bring out the meanness in stronger relief. The question for the scientific student of human nature is by what elements of greatness this meanness was neutralized. Captain Bingham may fairly plead that he has not added much to the mass of writing about Napoleon. For the most part he has let Napoleon reveal himself by means of selections from his correspondence—perhaps we should rather say the two Napoleons. For

* A Selection from the Letters and Despatches of the First Napoleon. With Explanatory Notes. By Captain the Hon. D. A. Bingham, Author of "Marriages of the Bonapartes." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

there were always two Napoleons, the demi-god of the bulletins and other ostensible productions, and the real man who from time to time betrays himself in his more private letters.

When a book has been read with pleasure there seems something ungracious in passing any unfavourable criticism on it—it is like a man finding fault with the cookery after eating greedily of a dinner. Not the less does truth compel us to say that there are two points in which Captain Bingham's work might be greatly improved. If he intended it to rank as a contribution to historical study, he should throughout have cited chapter and verse. The chief sources from which he has drawn are, of course, the twenty-nine volumes of *Correspondances* published by authority under the Second Empire. But the Committee to whom the editorial work was entrusted thought proper—for reasons which are sufficiently obvious after a perusal of Captain Bingham's first chapter—to skip Buonaparte's early years, and to take the siege of Toulon as their starting-point. Nor was this the only proof they gave of their care for the hero's reputation. When they informed Louis Napoleon that, "in conformity with the instructions of your Majesty, we have scrupulously avoided any alteration, amendment, or modification of the originals," they spoke with no more than a Napoleonic amount of truth, for it has been found that they not only made judicious omissions, but also revisions and corrections. "Since the fall of the Second Empire there has been a great rammaging of the archives of the War Office, and strange matters have been brought to light." Now, as Captain Bingham kindly gives us some of these "strange matters," one would like to know whether he has had access to the archives of the War Office, or whether he has only collected his materials from printed works—whether, in short, he has laid before us the results of independent research or of compilation. Far be it from us to despise the latter. To bring together all the portions of the Napoleonic correspondence which have been hitherto scattered about in histories and reviews is to do a good piece of work, for which English students, who have not ready means of knowing everything that is published in France, will be very grateful. But its value would have been enhanced if each letter had been accompanied by a full reference to its source. Captain Bingham does sometimes give a reference; but in the case of the curious letters belonging to the obscure period before the siege of Toulon—the period which is officially a blank—he affords no clue to his authority. One of these early letters, in which the young Napoleon discusses Joseph's choice of a profession, has been already translated in the *Marriages of the Bonapartes*; and a comparison of the two leads to the conclusion that Captain Bingham must either have had two different versions before him, or that the one or the other of the translations was carelessly made. This brings us to our second complaint—that the translation throughout is, like most English work of that kind, very poor. Awkward Gallicisms are of frequent occurrence. "What is a slender officer of infantry?" "For the moment he will merely send the statue"; "To-day they are quite accustomed to cavalry"; "The Spanish ambassador had the indecency"; "he [the Prince of Asturias] is . . . very material, eats four times a day"; "If Villeneuve remains at Ferrol beyond the 16th, I shall consider him the last of men." When Napoleon bids Talleyrand receive the Spanish princes *honnêtement*, our translator renders it *honestly*, which, though the same word, is not the same thing. "When people say of a king that he is good, his reign is a failure," is a maxim startling even from Napoleon. But Lanfrey quotes the same passage thus:—"Quand on dit d'un roi que c'est un bon homme,"—i.e. a good-natured sort of man, an easy-going man—"c'est un règne manqué"—which, from the Napoleonic point of view, is sensible enough. Napoleon would have appreciated the feelings of the beauty who flew into a rage on hearing that she had been described as "a good-natured girl." We are surprised to find that Captain Bingham seems to be puzzled, to the extent of leaving it untranslated and of suggesting *embaucher* as a substitute, by the verb *débaucher*, used in that technical legal and military sense in which it signifies to entice a workman from his work, a soldier from his standard. Napoleon uses it in complaining that the Parisian actors and actresses are tempted away to Naples. And we decline to believe that he ever wrote anything as bad in French as this is in English—"my good, pouting, capricious Josephine, who knows how to pick a quarrel with such good grace, like all she does."

However, the interest of the book is sufficient to triumph over the blemishes we have mentioned. The earlier pages, as dealing with a time of Buonaparte's life which is least familiar to English readers, are among the most attractive. The date of birth, the very name of him whom the world knew as Napoleon, are uncertain, and that by his own act. In his days of power—Captain Bingham does not tell us exactly when—the registers at Cortes, Ajaccio, Bastia, and Marseilles were mutilated, and all early documents relating to his family were destroyed. But there seems to exist a certificate of the birth in 1768 of Charles Buonaparte's son *Napulione*. According to official history, this *Napulione* was identical with *Joseph Buonaparte*; but modern research points to the belief that he was in truth the great Napoleon, and was made to exchange birthdays with the second son Joseph, in order to conceal his being a year too old for free admission to the Military School of Brienne. It is significant that when, in the course of the proceedings for the divorce from Josephine, the Emperor's baptismal act was asked for, the Arch-Chancellor declined to produce it. The earliest known letter of Napoleon is one from Brienne in April, 1781—when he was not full twelve, according to the official chronology—requesting, or

rather demanding, pocket-money or immediate removal from school. It is thoroughly Napoleonic in its imperious and rhetorical tone, and its abrupt commencement:—

MY FATHER.—If you or my protectors do not give me the means of supporting myself more honourably in the house where I am, let me return home immediately.

No doubt the rage and grief caused by the sense of poverty and its accompanying humiliations were real, and yet in the boy's manner of expressing them there is already the calculated and theatrical passion of his later days—"What! sir, your son is to be the laughing-stock, &c. . . . No, my father, no."—"By these offers judge of my despair." An extract from a later letter, this time to his "protector," M. de Marbeuf, whom he had to invoke to get him out of trouble for quarrelling with a brother cadet, is comparatively temperately written, but still with the same hard mannerism. There is a more natural tone about the letter to his uncle Fesch, mercilessly criticizing Joseph's sudden ambition to become a soldier. It shows an acute, though somewhat vibrotherly, perception of the flabbiness of the character of Joseph—whom nevertheless he afterwards thought good stuff enough to make a King of—and an almost comical exasperation at the thought of the fine prospects upon which the elder or younger brother, as the case may be, was perversely turning his back. "Monsignor the Bishop of Autun would have given him a fat living, and he would have been sure to become a bishop. What an advantage for the family!" In the original French the ludicrous effect of all this precocious worldly wisdom is heightened by the writer's inability to spell. Young Napoleon's next letter—he was but sixteen and a half at the most—was written on learning that Joseph had got his own way to the extent of being removed from Autun, and it begins in this astoundingly condescending style:—

MY DEAR FATHER.—As you may imagine, your letter did not cause me great pleasure; but family interests and the state of your health, which are dear to me, oblige me to approve of your prompt return to Corsica.

In those days he signed himself "Napoleone Buonaparte," "Napoleone di Buonaparte," and "De Buonaparte." Nobility was necessary for admission to Brienne; but at a later time, after the siege of Toulon, he formally stated himself to be "not noble." As nobility had become a serious disadvantage, if not a danger, this might be pardoned were it not of a piece with the habitual mendacity of the Buonapartes. False certificates were employed in 1793 to get Joseph his lucrative place as War Commissary, and again to justify his brevet of colonel in 1804, when Napoleon was First Consul, and need not have stooped to the meanness of letting his brother send in *états de service*, which, it appears, were a tissue of lies. Joseph, who, Captain Bingham assures us, had never held any post in the army except that of Commissary, actually stated, and his brother confirmed the statement, that he had been an artillery cadet, a staff officer, a *chef de bataillon*, present at the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and slightly wounded at the siege of Toulon—the bayonet-wound really received by Napoleon being thus placed to Joseph's credit.

The history of the part played by Napoleon in the obscure politics of Corsica is somewhat hard to follow; but it leaves a general impression that he was always engaged in petty *coups d'état*—getting his hand in, as one may say, for the 13 Vendémiaire and the 18 Brumaire—always absent without leave, always within an inch of professional ruin, and always ready with a falsehood when wanted. At a time when insubordination and intrigue had been the most marked features of his military character, he audaciously applied for the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and his demand, marked S. R. (*sans réponse*), still lies in the archives of the War Office. He was once actually cashiered as a deserter; once, while serving in the Army of Italy, and after the fall of his patrons the Robespierres, arrested and in considerable danger of the guillotine; and once struck off the active list; and his only regular promotion was to the rank of first lieutenant, "his other grades" being, according to Captain Bingham, "all obtained by favour from Robespierre, Barras, and other friends in power." But it must be said that the Robespierres seem to have taken up "Bonna Parte" (so the Government Commissioners phonetically spelt his name) from a consciousness of his abilities, as displayed at the siege of Toulon. After Robespierre's fall, when he was himself a prisoner, and no doubt feeling his head loose on his shoulders, he wrote a letter to Citizen Tilly, Ambassador at Genoa, in which he owned to a personal regret for the younger Robespierre, "but had he been my father I would have stabbed him myself had he aspired to tyranny." There is an interesting little bit of history about this letter. The copy in the War Office bears a marginal note:—"To be submitted again to the Emperor [Napoleon III.] in consequence of the last phrase." The result was, that it was suppressed.

In an inspection report (no exact date given by Captain Bingham), Schérer, then commanding the Army of Italy, thus describes Buonaparte:—

This officer is a general of artillery, of which branch of the service he possesses a thorough knowledge, but he has too much ambition and is too much given to intrigue for promotion.

It was not long before this too ambitious and intriguing officer succeeded Schérer in the command of the Army of Italy, and carried it from conquest to conquest. The year 1796 saw Buonaparte, who in his days of disappointment had sometimes thought of suicide and sometimes of taking service with the English in India, fairly launched on his victorious career. Space would fail us to trace his course through these three volumes, from

less so in succeeding ages, and at length quite unintelligible to the most learned of modern Arabs."

An illustration, not however applicable to the point here last alluded to, is to be found in the complete misapprehension into which it was possible for so great and so justly celebrated a scholar as Silvestre de Sacy to fall, when construing a passage without the guidance of a commentary. The passage is to be found in his *Chrestomathie*. The Arab author quotes the first three words of a line of verse by the poet Ibn al Farid, which De Sacy gives as follows:—

سَقَنِي حَمِيًّا الْخُبَّ رَاحَةً مَقَلَّتِي
وَكَاسِي مَعِيًّا مِنْ دِيْنِ الْخَمَنِ جَلَّتْ

With only the beginning of the first hemistich before him, deprived of its vowels, De Sacy translated the word *humayya*, fever. Having subsequently found the complete line in the original poem he gave the word its correct interpretation, *wine*. But for the word *raha*, he selected, from among its other significations, that of *repose* or *sleep*, and he rendered it as the second objective of the verb, taking the word *humayya* as the nominative. His translation of the entire passage was consequently as follows:—

Le vin enivrant de l'amour m'a abreuvé d'un profond sommeil, qui s'est emparé de mes paupières appesanties, et ma coupe est le visage de celle dont la beauté brille d'un éclat incomparable.

The passage was not long since pointed out to a learned Arab Sheikh, and De Sacy's rendering explained to him. He at once pronounced it to be erroneous. To speak of wine as the active agent giving a person to drink was an absurdity, he said, of which Ibn al Farid was not capable. The word *raha*, he urged, must be put in the nominative, and must be understood in the sense of *hand*. The poet compares the face of his mistress to a wine cup, out of which her eyes, pictured as having hands, make him drink the intoxicating wine of love. Such an image, it may be said, is as far beyond the limits that Western taste can tolerate as is the construction which the Sheikh *primâ facie* objected to; but his remark will serve to show that, however wide the range allowed to an Eastern poet's imagination, it is not absolutely boundless.

The close connexion recently established between this country and an Arabic-speaking nation will perhaps have the effect of directing more earnest attention in England to the study of its language. Another result, let us hope not the more probable one, may be the incorporation of some additional Arabic words into our own tongue. As yet the only sign to be perceived of it is the general use of the word *fellahin* as the plural of *fellah*. The practice, in our judgment, is not one to be commended. We possess other similar words, *Assassin*, *Saracen*, which with honest simplicity we have long used as singulars, and we say *Assassins* and *Saracens* in the plural. The spirit of good conservatism, in other words of good sense, that prevails among the English people forbids unnecessary meddling with these old institutions, the existence of which, such as they are, may moreover be reasonably defended by the historical associations and traditions which they bring home to us. The two words in question are, as is well known, legacies bequeathed to us by the Crusaders. And the disappearance of the initial aspirate from the one, and conversion in both of the sound of *sh* into *s*, show that they were passed over to the Crusaders by Levantine Greeks. As the derivation of the word *Saracen* has been questioned, it may, by the way, be mentioned that the fourteenth-century traveller Ibn Batûta found the popular designation of the people of Islam at Constantinople to be *Sharqiyyin*, or Easterns.

If the word *fellahin* is to be adopted in English in deference to theories held by philological purists, they ought to teach us to say and write *fellahoon*. But the ridiculous is more easily attained than the sublime; and the British public, when it takes the matter into its own hands, may perhaps avenge itself by compelling us to say *fellahens*. We are content with *sultans* and *divans*. Why should we not say *fellahs*?

The word, we may add in conclusion, literally means "tiller of the soil." It corresponds exactly with the German word *Bauer*. The word was contemptuously applied to the whole of the Egyptian people by their Turkish masters, and it gradually acquired a vernacular signification, precisely the same as that we have attached to our own word *boor*. It is somewhat remarkable that the two races which, at opposite extremities of the African continent, are occasioning us so much trouble and perplexity, have the further peculiarity in common of being known under denominations, identically the same both in their original and in their acquired meaning.

PEG WOFFINGTON.*

THIS is a very melancholy book, of which it seems fittest to borrow Carlyle's words (on another piece of work not wholly dissimilar) and say, "What ideas Mr. Molloy entertains of a literary *whole* and the thing called *Book*, and how the very Printer's Devils did not rise in mutiny against such a conglomeration as this, and refuse to print it—may remain a problem." A morning spent two or three times a week in the reading-room of

the British Museum would produce such a *book* as this in a month. Twelve such *books* in a year, then, could one unaided scribe let loose on a suffering world! This way madness lies! Yet somebody must read them. A day or two ago we saw a paragraph in some newspaper announcing with much satisfaction that the first edition of this particular *book* had been already sold, and that another might be looked for immediately. It is such things as these that make the nations languid in the cause of copyright.

Yet Mr. Molloy might out of his materials have made if not a good book, at least one that could have been read without weariness and shuddering, at any rate by those who care for wandering about the byways of the old theatrical world. Margaret Woffington was a very picturesque figure, and in her way a considerable one. She was a handsome, clever, and, "still for all slips of hers," a well-conditioned woman, according to all accounts an accomplished actress, and a great favourite with most of the notables of her day. Here was a good central figure for a bit of old-world romance; for a biography of Margaret in the literal sense of the word no sufficient materials exist, and such as there are can in no way be confidently relied on. A worthless and very scurrilous pamphlet is the only professed contemporary record of her we know of, *Memoirs of the celebrated Mrs. Woffington*, of which we have seen in the British Museum a second edition, dated 1760. Mr. Molloy, by the way, has evidently seen it too, though he does not say so. All the early chapters of his first volume are merely an elaborated version of this pamphlet without the scurrility; indeed his whole book, where it is not sheer quotation, is little more. But from the various volumes of memoirs and correspondence, theatrical and otherwise, in which glimpses of Margaret and her doings can be caught, and of the sort of existence generally which such a woman and those who kept her society were leading, such a work as we have indicated might have been composed. Charles Reade, as every one knows, did put his hand to such an one; but charming and even brilliant as his *Peg Woffington* is, it has not stopped the way for ever to all who might wish to travel the same road. It is clear that Mr. Molloy had a mind to go that way at first. His first few pages, thanks to the aforesaid pamphlet, are quite in the romance vein. But then the inspiration ceased, or became such as that genuine British narrowness against which Mr. Henry James protests would not suffer him to make use of. Moreover, it would have been a backsliding from his master's practice, which Carlyle half a century ago thought "of an all-defacing and quite ruinous character" to all making of books, as he understood the art, but which we, so much wiser in our generation, perceive to be really the one and only thing useful to that art, as Mr. Fitzgerald and his school understand it. "Our Editor," writes Carlyle, in dismay, "has fatally, and almost surprisingly, mistaken the limits of an Editor's function; and so, instead of working on the margin with his Pen, to elucidate as best might be, strikes boldly into the body of his page with his Scissors, and clips at discretion." Poor Carlyle! the reviewers and leading-article writers whom his biography has lashed into frenzy have been proclaiming with one voice that his influence is dead, his creeds—religious, ethical, political—all dead, and his works themselves mere dog's carrion-cart, to use a spray of his own eloquence! Certainly on this one point we have gone miles beyond him; an editor now found using his pen more than his scissors would be a very rare bird indeed. So Mr. Molloy, wisely abandoning the flowery and deluding paths of imagination, laid down his pen and took up his scissors, but not to clip "at discretion."

As already said, the materials for a Life of Margaret Woffington are scanty. In those days it was not thought necessary to the salvation of humanity that a biographer should be found for every man, woman, and child within the bills of mortality; neither was there that fatuous curiosity about the private life of actors which some weak minds seem to take to-day for a high compliment to the theatrical profession. That she was of Irish blood and low birth we know, her father, who died when she and her sister were very young, having been, it is said, a bricklayer, and her mother a 'laundress. But beyond this, and the characters she played best in, we really know very little else. There is plenty of gossip to be read about her, and, of course, a fair amount of scandal, but not much more. She was brought on to the stage by a Mme. Violante, a well-known dancer in Dublin, and her first part seems to have been Macheath, when the *Beggar's Opera* was played in Madame's booth by children. In Dublin she became a great favourite, being handsome, lively, and impudent, and in that town she played for three or four years all sorts of parts, from Ophelia to Sir Harry Wildair. In 1740 she was seen for the first time in London at Covent Garden, then under Rich's management, where she played Silvia in *The Recruiting Officer*. She was successful at once, and from that year till 1757, when she was struck down by paralysis while speaking the Epilogue to *As You Like It*, she never lost her hold of the town. The fastidious Walpole, always cool to new favourites, held out against her as long as he could. "A bad actress, but she has life," he wrote of her in 1741; while his friend Conway could see in her only "an impudent Irish-faced girl." But they were converted eventually; and Walpole we find praising her soon as highly as anybody. Her Sir Harry must have been a wonderful performance by all accounts; its reality and vivacity live for us in the cutting retort old Quin is reported to have made to her when, in her triumph, she exclaimed in the green room, "On my conscience, I believe one half of the audience take me for a man." "Ay, madam," was the answer, "but the other half know you to be a woman." In the fine ladies of the stage no one could come near her; as

* *The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington; with Pictures of the Period in which she lived.* By J. Fitzgerald Molloy, Author of "Court Life Below Stairs" &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1884.

Lady Plyant, Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, Sylvia, and all the rest of those daughters of Belial she was without a rival. She pleased, too, in tragedy; but one fancies that must have been rather due to her popularity than her merit. Jane Shore, Hermione, Jocasta (in the *Edipus* of Dryden and Nat. Lee), Lady Randolph, were all famous parts of hers; but her voice—"my bad voice," as she always called it—must have been sadly against her in tragedy. She died in 1750 at Teddington, where she was buried, as may be seen in the pretty little church there to this day. She had made money fast, and spent it freely. When she and Garrick kept house together, her liberal notions of domestic economy used to drive that thrifty soul near frantic, as Boswell's readers remember. But she was never a poor woman, and after all her charities, and she was very charitable, she had still some thousands to leave to her sister Mary, who had married Mr. Cholmondeley, a clergyman, son of the Earl of that name, and nephew of Horace Walpole. By all accounts she seems to have been an honest, kind-hearted woman, and in her morals probably no worse than half the fine ladies of the time who have left a cleaner name behind them. Of her personal charms, the existing portraits of her, one of which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Molloy's book, speak clearly enough; and yet she never hesitated, it is said, to hide these charms when the part she was playing required such concealment! Truly, a wonderful actress!

To make so slight a story fill the necessary space prescribed by the booksellers would clearly be a hard task, not to be done without much padding; to fit this padding neatly to Margaret's figure harder still; certainly not to be done alone by casual mornings in the British Museum, or by filling a whole hecatomb of notebooks. The two volumes are accordingly stuffed out in the most haphazard and shameless way. Walpole's Letters, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Johnson's Life of Savage, Macaulay's two essays on Johnson, Forster's Life of Goldsmith, extracts from plays, playbills, theatrical advertisements, newspaper reports, handbooks to London and Dublin, memoirs of all sorts and conditions of humanity, and a miscellaneous mass of theatrical gossip; all are pitched pell-mell together without beginning or end, a mighty maze, and with no sort of plan. Of the blunders Mr. Molloy has made, even in transcribing, a supplementary third volume to his two might well be filled, but to dwell on them can be worth no man's while. Writing, perhaps like Carlyle, "in a white heat," he seems to have been unable to spare the time to verify even his dates, or possibly has preferred to annihilate both time and space to make Peg and her lovers happy. He makes, for instance, the eccentric Sarah of Marlborough write "in a charmingly characteristic manner" of the Duke of Dorset in 1751, when that rancorous tongue had been quiet in the grave for seven long years. He alludes to the "remarkable beauty" of Lady Macclesfield, Savage's mother, or reputed mother, when it is notorious that her ladyship's charms did not lie in her face, as so industrious a rummager in the dustheaps of that time might certainly have known, seeing how very vividly the fact is set forth in a sufficiently familiar *chronique scandaleuse*, Mrs. Manley's *New Atalantis*. What he means by writing of Pope's famous couplet on Macklin's Shylock that "it has outlived the poet who uttered it" no man may dare to guess. Pope is dead, certainly, and so are Julius Cæsar and Queen Anne; for, as Master Shallow truly observes, Death is certain to all; in which way it were truth to say Shakespeare's

A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,

has outlived Shakespeare; but what a truth! Meanwhile, how a score of Mr. Molloy's volumes now? Thereafter as they be.

IBERIAN SKETCHES.*

IT has often been remarked that English travellers neglect Portugal, though it lies, so to speak, at our very threshold. There is no part of Europe we can reach with less trouble and fatigue except France. Some of the finest steamers afloat run to Lisbon; and a few days—three or four at the most—after leaving England we are in a climate and amidst scenery wholly different from our own, among a people more Oriental in appearance and manners than even the Spaniards, their next neighbours. The picturesqueness of Lisbon and the beautiful scenery of its environs are but half remembered when we seek for some new place to visit. For a short holiday, when we want the greatest possible change of air and scene, with the least possible distance, Portugal lies invitingly before us; yet it is rare to meet a tourist who knows more of Cintra than what he has learned from Byron, or who thinks of Belem except as the place from which Vasco de Gama sailed. Miss Leck's little book supplies a distinct want. It is easily and pleasantly written, and is too brief rather than too much spun out. We gather only incidentally that she was accompanied in her seven weeks' journey by three friends, because in the account of "Villafranca, in the very heart of the Vizero or Spanish Switzerland," the party had considerable difficulty "in getting the hostess to understand that one large room with four beds was scarcely sufficient accommodation, according to our British ideas, for two gentlemen and two young ladies." But Miss Leck's object was to visit "that too little known part of Spain comprised in the provinces of Leon and

Galicia," before going on to Portugal, and if young ladies will venture into places where even "Bradshaw fails," they must expect strange accommodation. Nevertheless, Miss Leck expresses herself much more favourably about Spanish inns than we expected. "The food and wine provided at the railway restaurants are generally excellent," and Miss Leck enters a protest against the wholesale condemnation of the smaller inns. "We have never fared badly," she observes, "with respect to either beds or food." As in out-of-the-way places in most "Latin" countries, not excepting France, she had trouble with the post-offices. At Burgos the nominal hour for opening was nine in the morning. "After some minutes' knocking and rattling at a clumsy wooden shutter, it was slightly opened, and a sleepy-looking old man told us that the letters would not be ready for delivery till 11 A.M. Coming back at that hour we found the shutter still closed." At length some bystanders volunteered the information "that the postmaster had gone home and would not be back till three o'clock." This experience, which we have all gone through over and over again when travelling, especially in Italy, should warn the English tourist to try as much as possible to do without letters. The postal troubles of a journey are often enough to ruin one's pleasure altogether. Even at Gibraltar, where letters have to come through Spanish territory, and where a shower of rain may mean two days' delay, and at Malta, where they arrive by an Italian steamer which only goes to sea in calm weather, the post is a constant subject of heart-burning.

From Vigo the little party had an easy journey, partly by rail, to Oporto. Miss Leck is enthusiastic in praise of the Portuguese scenery. "For miles and miles the country looked like an immense orchard, and when the fruit-trees ceased we passed through great forests of cork trees, which in their turn gave place to vineyards and fields of grain." There is an interesting account of Oporto. "One of the most remarkable streets is the Rua das Flores, a whole side of which is occupied by jewellers' shops." Miss Leck does not seem to have noticed a similar street in Lisbon. The Portuguese peasant-jewellery is little known here; yet it is very beautiful. The people are said to make gold filagree-work at home; and every woman, however poor, has her earrings. The patterns are often of great antiquity, and are so contrived as to obtain the greatest possible effect with the least possible expenditure of the precious metal. "The usual forms are long massive chains, enormous heart-shaped pendants, very long heavy earrings, crosses, and beads. The gold used is of the finest; our English alloyed gold being entirely despised by the Portuguese."

Miss Leck next takes us to Coimbra, the ancient capital, "built on a very steep hill, at the foot of which flows the river Mondego." Thence the travellers proceeded to Lisbon, the first part of the way passing through forests of oak, pine, and cork trees, agreeably diversified by orange groves and vineyards. Nearer Lisbon the scenery is less picturesque; but "we passed on the right the eastern extremity of Wellington's famous lines of Torres Vedras. On a prominent site stands a statue of Hercules. Wellington's would have been more appropriate." It is impossible not to agree with this opinion. The Portuguese do not seem to remember with gratitude the long English occupation of their country at the beginning of this century; but the fall of Napoleon was prepared at Torres Vedras. The Spaniards are not more grateful, and Miss Leck reminds us that "in the Peninsular war Santa Teresa was chosen by the Cortes of Cadiz as generalissimo of the forces, in preference to the Duke of Wellington." Miss Leck approached Lisbon, so to speak, from the back. The first sight of the city should be that from the Tagus. "Seen from the river it certainly is a beautiful city, with its white tile-roofed houses rising terrace above terrace on its several hills, the old fortress of St. George crowning the eastern part of the town, and the imposing dome and elegant spires of the Estrella church adorning the western." Coming from the railway station, which is a mile out of town, the tourist misses this first view, and forms a totally different idea of the beauty of the situation. "Black Horse Square," to which Miss Leck gives its official name of Praça do Commercio, is the centre of the city. Like almost all the squares and streets, it has three names—the English, given it by the army and navy in the Peninsular war, and still kept up, the official and the popular name. The "Praça do Commercio" is never so called by a native. To him it is the "Terreiro do Paço," or Palace Yard. The "black horse" is a fine bronze statue of Dom Jose I. At San Vicente, in the old part of the town, Miss Leck visited the burial-place of the Portuguese kings. "The want of privacy and quiet is a life-long penalty of royalty, but it seems hard that death should not put an end to it." The vault is entered through a great iron gate in the cloister. It is a narrow chamber with a kind of narrow shelf all round where the velvet-covered coffins lie in a row. "The coffin of the late king, Pedro V., covered with a heavy pall and loaded with immortelles, occupies a place of honour in the middle of the room. Hearing his name quoted continually in Portugal as one of the best of monarchs, one cannot but think there must have been some rare excellence in a king who, dying so young, should yet leave behind him a name so much honoured and loved." It will be remembered that Pedro V. and his Queen died within two years of each other, the Queen being but twenty-two years of age and the King twenty-five. Miss Leck failed to penetrate to the Academy of Fine Arts, but we can assure her she had no loss. There is no picture of the slightest importance to be seen, though students of early Flemish art are interested in a certain Grao Vasco, who is supposed to have been a pupil of Van Eyck. Mr. J. C. Robinson

* *Iberian Sketches: Travels in Portugal and the North-west of Spain.* By Jane Leck. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick. 1884.

has written a book on the subject. The party of course visited Cintra and Mafra. "As we were walking through Cintra we were much amused to see the prisoners in the town gaol collected round the grated windows, smoking and chatting very much at their ease, and as we repassed the prison a small basket attached to a cord was suddenly lowered before us to receive alms." Miss Leck, if she had ascended to the castle of St. George in Lisbon itself, might have seen precisely the same sight about half way up the hill. Mafra is only visited for the sake of the vast palace which John V. built "in fulfilment of his vow to convert the poorest monastery of his kingdom into the richest." This he did on the birth of his son and heir, Prince José. Although near the sea, and very conspicuous from the deck of passing steamers, it is in a very unsuitable spot. "We saw it," says Miss Leck, "on a dull windy day that accorded well with the deserted aspect of the little village, over which the colossal convent-palace appears to shed the baleful influence of the Upas tree." The main corridor is 770 feet long. "Everywhere hinges are failing, woodwork starting and splitting, and the very stones crumbling away from sheer neglect." Instead of 300 monks, the visitors only found one curé, "a most gentlemanlike man," but the church they thought really magnificent. Very few of our countrymen have seen this wonderful place; yet it is larger than the Escorial, and, as Mr. Fergusson observes, is in other respects very superior. According to a local guide-book, it contains 866 rooms, and the roof forms a vast platform on which 10,000 soldiers might be reviewed; yet in the whole vast pile there is not a single room "whose size corresponds with the proportions of the whole." There are still some 30,000 volumes in the library. The architecture is simple, but grand, and Mafra is universally praised by even the most fastidious critics. The architect's name was Ludovici, and he is said to have been, not an Italian, but a German. Miss Leck visited Madrid on her way back, and gives us much description and criticism of the famous picture gallery there. A hurried run to Avila, Toledo, and the Escorial completes one of the most entertaining books of travel we have read for a long time. We cannot, however, pass over a very odd expression which occurs in the account of Leon. "The cloister is utilized as a museum for Roman stones and sarcophagi found in the district, among which are several still older monuments dating from the time of the Goths."

MUSICAL TERMS.*

THE science of music presents a technology more complex than that of any other aggregate of human knowledge. Considered apart from its practical exposition as an art, it may be regarded as an exact science based on fixed fundamental principles and subject to immutable laws. Yet the theories of musicians are incapable of the demonstration that mathematicians require and are frequently mutually antagonistic, while in practice the limitations of the art are exceedingly ill defined. The indeterminate language of modern critics is significant of this, and its tendency is towards worse confusion. The old boundaries of the arts are now constantly violated, and not theorists merely, but artists there are who fondly indulge in fantastic visions of a perfect harmonious union of all the arts. It is nothing that in practice such attempts are ludicrous failures; the metaphysical idea continues to fascinate speculators and to receive very learned and serious consideration, though its attempted elucidation only reveals the hopelessness of chaos. The terminologies of music and poetry and painting are indifferently applied to all three arts, their distinct functions are confused or suffer derangement, and the most surprising and subtle analogies are discovered. Yet there is no concord among authorities, as may be seen, for instance, if we take the subject of local colour in dramatic music. According to many writers there is no quality of the music drama so readily discernible as this, yet there are many, like M. Johannes Weber, who argue against its very existence, or affirm that it merely exists in the fancy of the critic and not in "the metaphysics of true belief."

In an introduction that is characterized by the true scientific spirit, Mr. Niecks himself acknowledges the exceeding obscurity of certain subjects of musical science. Not the accumulated knowledge and practice of many centuries invalidate the justice of his remarks in treating of ornaments or graces, of which subject he confesses that "It is too complicated to be treated fully and briefly at the same time, too obscure to be treated satisfactorily under any circumstances." This admission, coming from one who is a thinker as well as a writer of experience, is of great weight, and elsewhere we observe that Mr. Niecks is careful to guard against too dogmatic expression, and on all other abstruse points betrays the diffidence of a true scientist. At the outset he owns that music, like poetry, still remains without adequate definition—a fact that is the more remarkable when the scientific aspect of music is considered. It is, nevertheless, significant of the confusion towards which we are drifting that the earlier definitions are more satisfactory than the most recent; purity and lucidity of expression are, perhaps, primitive qualities, and expressive of the simple restrictions of undeveloped art rather than of defective vision. Despite their narrowness, the definitions of Gluck and Rousseau are instinct with the spirit of their age; they are true definitions, clear, concise, and logical. On the other hand, those of Wagner and Schopenhauer are not definitions at all, but windy

transcendentals, without form or consistency, that may with equal force be applied to poetry. Indeed we find that M. Théodore de Banville defines poetry with all the loose extravagance characteristic of our time:—"La poésie est à la fois musique, statuaire, peinture, éloquence; aussi est-elle le seul art complet, nécessaire, et qui contient tous les autres, comme elle préexiste à tous les autres."

Mr. Niecks rightly regards these and similar views as defining rather the capacities of the writers than "the capacity of the thing they intended to define." His introduction very clearly reveals the absolute detachment from other arts of the broad scientific basis on which the art of music is established, a foundation that is inviolable and must be respected by composers whose work is to attain something beyond a transient or fugitive renown. Many of the sections of Mr. Niecks's introduction are excellent in method and conciseness; that on Form, conjoined with the Dictionary article "Sonata," and with the illustration of Mozart's C minor sonata, is admirably written, and indeed the whole prefatory matter is set forth with precision and relevancy in a brief space. The Dictionary itself seems to us, after careful examination, to be an accurate and very useful compilation, the definition of terms being particularly exact and lucid. Taking at random the article Intonation, we find Mr. Niecks gives four definitions that illustrate his careful precision. In Sir George Grove's Dictionary Intonation is defined as "the art of singing or playing in tune," which precludes the use of the common qualifications of good, bad, and perfect intonation used by critics. Mr. Niecks defines it "the act and art of producing sound from the voice or an instrument, both as regards quality and pitch," and (2) "a voice's or an instrument's capacity of yielding sound." Rather too much space is given to the translation of German expressions which are little used, and require no definition. The short patriotic interval during which Beethoven employed German instead of Italian guides to expression was an example little followed by other composers. In another place the basset-horn is spoken of as obsolete; it would be more correct, perhaps, to regard so excellent an instrument, and one for which composers so modern as Spohr and Mendelssohn have written, as temporarily suffering from the caprice of fashion. The merits of Mr. Niecks's Dictionary, however, fully accord with the excellent method of his introduction on the elements of music, and it abounds in expression and concise terminology.

THE PERUVIANS AT HOME.*

THIS volume contains Mr. Cole's impressions of the Peruvians as they were "at home" twelve years ago when he had occasion to go to South America on private business. The author had been advised by a famous traveller and writer of books never to publish the *menus* of any meal he might have consumed during a sea voyage unless it contained something out of the common. This wise counsel has been taken to heart, and the author waxes eloquent on the brilliant colours of sky and sea, and the bright scales of the flying fish, instead of discussing the vexed and burning question whether meals on shipboard should be served at a *table-d'hôte* or à la carte. Arrived in Peru, Mr. Cole of course went to see a bull-fight, which in that Republic seems to be of a nobler and less cruel type than the exhibitions in the mother-country.

We are also entertained by our author with an unpleasant description of a cock-fight. Sneers at the Roman Catholic religion are abundant. Mr. Cole appears to have been somewhat shocked by the strange *mélange* of refreshments offered to him at a Peruvian *tertulia*, "English stout in liqueur glasses, followed by champagne, port, and sherry." In Russia he says that "these incongruous ingredients are mixed together in a huge bowl and called punch." He probably refers to the bewitching but treacherous *Junka*, from which visitors to the hospitable captain's cabin or genial wardroom of a Russian man-of-war are fortunate if they escape with clear brains and unthrobbed nerves.

A Peruvian *chanza* is in our author's opinion a perfect Garden of Eden. We have not space for his enthusiastic description of one, or for his really clever picture of the Pampas, where in early morning the blazing sun glares like an angry red-hot fire-ball, where cool breezes begin in the afternoon, where a little later a hurricane of burning sand sweeps across the plains, and where heavy rain clouds are seen scudding aloft on their way to the Andes, on whose slopes they will presently pour their contents. This is the summer aspect of the scene. In winter, walls and buildings, and the soil itself, are caked with frozen salt, condensed from the cold sea fogs, and the thermometer goes down to zero.

Both sides of the coolie question are dispassionately argued by Mr. Cole. It would seem that Chinese immigrants are treated far more humanely in Peru than their unfortunate brethren in Cuba; but they must ever and everywhere be "kittle cattle" to deal with. "Indifferent to everything that concerns the moral side of man," their lives can never blend or mix with those of the people with whom it suits them to make a temporary home. When they can leave they will; and, after they have gone, there is no trace of their existence—"not even a tombstone, their very ashes they make an effort to transport to the Flowery Land."

Mr. Cole speaks with very kindly appreciation of Shakspeare as of "one who knew human nature, perhaps as thoroughly as any

* A Concise Dictionary of Musical Terms. By Frederick Niecks. London: Augener & Co. 1884.

* The Peruvians at Home. By George Fitzroy Cole. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

of our great writers, and more than most." The author of *Peruvians at Home* does not pose in these pages as an original poet. As a translator of poetry he is singularly and almost ludicrously unhappy. He quotes from a Peruvian ballad this pretty fanciful conceit:—

Mi corazón es tu espejo
Y si lo rompe tu amor,
Cada fibra de dolor
Tendrá entero tu reflejo—

which he says "may be thus freely translated":—

Mine heart is thy mirror rare,
Which if thy love does break,
Each pang of grief and care
The reflexion of thyself will take.

By rendering *fibra* "a pang of grief" Mr. Cole completely misses Salaverry's point, and drops out of sight the fantastic simile of a broken heart to a broken looking-glass.

Mr. Cole is one of the many writers who seem to think that there is sense and meaning in calling a married man "a Benedict."

RECENT MUSIC.

IT would be obviously absurd to suggest that no composer should set music to poems which have already been used by a great master with brilliant results; and we do not wish to assert that it is absolutely impossible to improve upon Schumann's setting of Heine's "Dichterliebe"; but a composer thus courting comparison may be said to be very heavily handicapped in the race he or she may have to run. The first five songs in Miss Maude Valérie White's *Album of German Songs* (Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, & Weber), taken from the series of poems already alluded to, are, like all the work which we have seen from her pen, highly artistic productions, and, if it was not for the unfortunate fact that the words unavoidably recall to the mind Schumann's immortal music, would go far to establish her high reputation as an original song-writer. It would be praise enough to say that she has not failed in the task she has set herself; but we will go further and say that these poems have really inspired her to write some very charming songs, and she may be congratulated for the excellence of her translation of the original German. When we say that these five songs are, "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh", "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai", "Hör ich das Liedchen klingen", "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen", and "Aus meinen Thränen sprissen", it will be seen that she has chosen some of the best-known of those which Schumann has already treated. It may be as well to point out that in the last bar but one on p. 5 the treble clef is not indicated as it should be for the lower notes, an omission which might cause some confusion. The remaining songs of the Album all bear the stamp of originality and artistic feeling, especially "Das Meer hat seine Perlen" and "Frithjof's Gesang." The whole collection may be commended as a highly creditable contribution to English art. Another album of German songs, called *Herzens-Stimmen*, by Mr. Arthur Hervey (Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, & Weber), consists of six songs by Heinrich Heine, two of which, "Die Lotus Blume" and "Dein Angesicht," have already been utilized by Schumann. In spite of the inevitable comparison in the case of these two songs, Mr. Arthur Hervey's work is of highly artistic order, especially the charming "Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'," and this little album will be welcomed by all who love really good music and are somewhat satiated with modern ballads. It is pleasant to meet with song-writers like Miss White and Mr. Hervey who really have something to say that is not quite commonplace, and are prepared to sacrifice something to art rather than to popularity.

From the same publishers we have received "Dawn talks to-day," a song of considerable originality and power, by Miss Mary Carmichael; "Sunshine and Sorrow," by Mr. Thomas Threlfall, an effective ballad, with a violin accompaniment; and two songs by Mr. Michael Watson, entitled "The Merry Miller" and "Haunted," the first a ballad of considerable merit, and the other a somewhat sentimental song, both of which will doubtless be well appreciated by the admirers of this popular composer.

The *Complete Scale Tutor*, by Herr Adolphe Schloesser (Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.), is an eminently useful publication, and will be found invaluable by those who wish to acquire dexterity of manipulation in pianoforte-playing. The diatonic and chromatic scales, carefully fingered, are here given in single and double notes, in their different positions, in parallel and contrary motion, in octaves, thirds, sixths, and tenths, in every key, major and minor, each major scale being immediately followed by its relative minor, and with short instructions as to the method of playing them. The "Tutor" fully carries out its intention of completeness, and can be safely recommended as an excellent educational work.

Messrs. Enoch & Sons send us the second "Raff Album," also edited by Professor Adolphe Schloesser, a work of greater interest perhaps from a general point of view than the *Complete Scale Tutor*. The nine pieces contained therein are most carefully edited, and the whole forms a very pleasing volume of that excellent publication known as *Format Litoff*. Of songs from the same publishers we have "Trust me, Darling," by Mr. Joseph L. Roedel, a good specimen of that popular composer's ballads; and "Kissing Time," by Signor Ciro Pinsuti, a graceful ditty both as to words and music, the former being by Mr. F. E. Weatherly. Two songs by Mr. Milton Wellings, entitled "Sun-

shine and Shadow" and "Lady-love," are both effective drawing-room songs; and Mr. Cotsford Dick's "Much Ado About Nothing" is a charming trifle; while Mr. Michael Watson's "The Press-gang," dealing with an episode in the life of an unfortunate barber who was forced to serve the King in a somewhat undignified manner, is a nautical song containing plenty of "Yeo, heave ho," an expression which, it seems, is indispensable in modern tales of the sea. The "Florentia Waltz," by Mr. Gerald M. Lane, and "Prince Orlofsky Waltz," by Mr. C. A. Raida, are good pieces of dance music.

From Mr. B. Williams we have received three songs by that ever ready composer, Signor Ciro Pinsuti, which are likely to become favourites. Their titles are respectively "Allhallow E'en," which treats very prettily of an old-time custom amongst lassies and lads at that season anent their sweethearts; "Trust and be true," in which a lover comforts himself for his absent love by watching the return of spring and autumn; and "Little Love," in which the composer shows us how much can be made out of slender materials. Mr. Henry R. Mark's "Years ago" is a song of love that "was not to be" of the kind which is so much admired in modern drawing-rooms. Four pieces for the pianoforte by Mr. Edward Jakubowski form a "Suite Italienne." They are called "Serenata," "Siciliana," "Pifferare," and "Tarantella," and, while displaying a considerable command of technical knowledge, are characteristic and pleasing, and present but few difficulties in performance. "By the Mill Stream," by Mr. Emil Waldmiller, is perhaps a little monotonous in form, but will serve as a useful exercise in arpeggio playing for students, while "Pastorelle Suisse," by Signor Giacomo Ferraris, and "Silver Moonlight," by Mr. J. Pridham, are both very pleasing trifles for the pianoforte. Of dance music from the same publishers we have "The Rhine Polka," by Mr. Alfred Mullen, "Vis à Vis" waltz, by Mr. F. Mullen, "Mizpah Valse," by Mr. Carl Olga, and "Fleur-de-Polka," by William Smallwood, all of which will be found to be of service when required. Messrs. Conrad, Herzog, & Co. also send us a pretty polka by Mr. Erskine Allon, entitled "Strax."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

IN the present multiplicity of methods for making picture-books we have seldom so good an opportunity of comparing wood-engraving and photogravure as is afforded to us by two volumes published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. *The Seven Ages of Man*, from Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, comes out in large quarto and in square octavo. The large edition is described as "the artist's," and is "illustrated with photogravures from original paintings." These original paintings are the brush drawings in black and white or "tint" which artists used to do on wood before the degenerate days of photography. They are now usually done on a large scale on paper, and are reproduced on the wood blocks by photography; so that not only is the original drawing untouched by the graver, but a design which is cut away or spoilt accidentally may be infinitely renewed without injury to the drawing. In the larger of these books, then, we have the drawings as reproduced by photography, and in the smaller we have the same reduced in scale and cut on wood. The woodcuts, which, as well as the drawings, are from America, are extremely good; and it is not possible to decide whether the large or the small copy is to be preferred. In some cases—as, for instance, especially in the first picture—the wood-engraver has improved on the design as shown in the photogravure. This is "The Infant," drawn by Mr. F. S. Church, and engraved by Mr. Heinemann. A comparison of the two shows that in Mr. Church's design the faces are neither so well defined nor so pleasing as in the cut. "The Soldier" is a poor design in both; but in "The Lean and Slippered Pantaloon," by Mr. W. T. Snedley, engraved by Mr. G. P. Williams, we prefer the photogravure picture to the cut. The comparison is interesting and instructive throughout, and justifies this lengthened notice of two very pretty books. Another American publication is fathered here by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is Scott's *Marmion*, illustrated by ten artists, most of whose names will be new to English readers; the designs are engraved on wood by seven different engravers under the supervision of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony. Before we proceed to mention them, it may be well to note that neither in this volume nor in the two foregoing does the English publisher say a word as to the American origin of his book. This is worse than a crime, it is a mistake. Most of us are very glad to have American art when it is good, but none of us like to be taken in even with what is good. A new danger, we have been lately informed, hangs over our nurseries. Small children have been heard to use the American language instead of their native English, and such barbarities as "traveler" and "labor" find their way into the junior schoolroom. Forewarned is forearmed, and parents are likely enough to prohibit books they suspect, perhaps unjustly, even where they might not hesitate to buy a book which they knew for certain to be American. The illustrations to the American *Marmion* are excellent. They all partake of a slight family likeness, but are cut very brilliantly and minutely, too, in a style we have not seen in England for some years, and the archaeological details are excellent. The little landscapes on p. 43 and on p. 80 are among the most beautiful for the combination of skill in design and in engraving that we have ever seen. Although the drawings for

Life Songs (Nisbet) are by Lady Waterford and Lady Tankerville, the chromolithography is German. The full-page designs are pretty, if occasionally weak, and are admirably printed in colour, but we cannot say much for the illuminated borders. The noble artist has made the common mistake of thinking that brilliant colours make brilliant colouring. They are consequently gaudy and inharmonious, with the exception of some little monochromatic vignettes. The verses are religious in tone, and sometimes very sweet. A contrast in every way to the foregoing is *The Lay of St. Aloys* (Eyre & Spottiswoode). It is, of course, taken from the *Ingoldby Legends*, and is written out in ornamental characters and illustrated by Mr. Ernest M. Jessop. There is more effect attained by the use of red and black in this book than by all the colours of the rainbow and divers more in that last mentioned. The writing is an art in itself, and can only be done by a true artist. The pictures are as amusing and clever as those in the *Jackdaw* of last year.

Those people who enjoyed what was one of the best features of the Health Exhibition—namely, the costume waxworks in the north-west quadrant will be disappointed by Mr. Lewis Wingfield's *Notes on Civil Costume in England from the Conquest to the Regency* (Clowes). The fault may be in the drawings, and, if so, it is a great pity that the ladies of the new Female School of Chromolithography, in Red Lion Square, should not have had something better to work on for their *début*. The fault may, of course, lie with the ladies aforesaid; in any case, as every one wishes well to the new school, and as most people were interested in the costumes, the result is to be regretted. The letterpress is excellent.

There are many children's books already before us; and, as it is more pleasant to praise than to find fault, we may select *Under Mother's Wing* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), which contains a series of pictures imitated more or less from the style of Miss Kate Greenaway. The letterpress is full of originality, but often in a delicate style of reflection which will perhaps puzzle a young child. The wooden doll's views are very diverting to grown-up people, but are rather deep for the nursery. This doll, we learn, had no peace. Many a time it wished to be a tin train, or a box of soldiers, or a woolly lamb. It was taken up and put down at all manner of odd moments, dressed, bathed, put to bed, left about in corners, dropped on the stairs, "forgotten, neglected, bumped, banged, broken, glued together—anything and everything it suffered, until many a time it said sadly enough to its poor little self, 'I might as well be a human being at once, and be done with it.'" After some further soliloquy, however, the wooden doll comes to the conclusion, "It is lucky that we are not all human beings, or the world would be worn out in no time, and there would not be a corner left in which to rest a poor doll's head." This last touch is almost worthy of Swift, but must be very perplexing, or else perfectly uninteresting, to the average native of the nursery. The verses are more childlike, and some on a baby brother are particularly successful:—

I comb the down upon his head,
He hasn't any hair;
It must be cold without, and yet
He never seems to care.

In *The Autocrat of the Nursery* (Hodder & Stoughton) the letterpress is by L. T. Meade, and the forty illustrations are by T. Pym. They appear to be reproduced directly from pen-and-ink drawings, and are the most delicate and charming in any child's book we have yet seen this year. There is great refinement in the attitude and expression of the little figures, even those of babies, which is worthy of the highest commendation. The story we cannot conscientiously praise. Though full of very good baby language, it is not suited to very little children; and, though full of amusing traits of child-life, it is equally unsuited to grown-up people, and reads like a mother's diary of nursery sayings and doings. Like all diaries, it should be private and confidential, and not for publication. In a limited space we can hardly go into an exposition of views on children's books, and particularly on a book of this kind, and must briefly summarize our opinion by saying that it is calculated to encourage self-consciousness and posing in the nursery; but our objection to this besetting fault of the present day may be taken by some parents as a recommendation. *Happy Child Life*, by Henry Frith, with illustrations by Eugen Klimsch (Ward & Lock), is depressingly commonplace both in text and pictures. It betrays too evidently a Teutonic origin. *Quacks: the Story of the Ugly Duckling*, after H. C. Andersen, by Marion M. Wingrave (Ward & Lock), is a very poor paraphrase, and the pictures, though good in idea, are badly drawn. *Harlequin Eggs*, by Ismay Thorne, with illustrations by Lily Chitty (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is made up of cheerful little verses, illustrated fairly well, but in a stiff style. The best represents a black cat sleeping on a yellow cushion in a blue chair. There is a companion volume by the same author and illustrator entitled *In and Out*. Miss Chitty is more successful with flowers than with figures. *A Boy Hero* (Wells Gardner) is a story founded on fact, and put into verse by W. W. B. It relates to boy-life in "Bristol city," already immortalized by Thackeray—a fact which haunts us as we go through the book, which would have been far better in prose, as the story is affecting. From the pictures, which are very well drawn by H. J. A. Miles, we infer that a boy died of the cold of a midsummer night, which, though just possible, is improbable. Mr. André has illustrated six little volumes of stories by Mrs. Ewing (Society for Promoting

Christian Knowledge). They are extremely clever and amusing in every respect, but the colouring is a little crude and inharmonious. The six books are:—*The Blue Bells on the Lea*; *Little Boys and Wooden Horses*; *Tongues in Trees*; *Papa Poodle*; *Touch Him if You Dare*; and *Doll's Housekeeping*. Also by Mrs. Ewing is *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot* (S. P. C. K.), but the illustrations are by Mr. Randolph Caldecott. It is a companion volume, in every respect, to the delightful *Jackanapes* of last year. Can we say more? Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. send *Nursery Numbers*, a new book of the dear familiar old rhymes of every nursery. The pictures are very pretty, but the artist's name is not given. "Bo-peep," her sheep all marked "B. P.," and the "Three Wise Men" in their china bowl on a raging sea, are the most original. *Play* (Marcus Ward) is a book filled with "coloured pictures and pictures to colour." The artist is Miss Edith Scannell, whose name is new to us, though we think we have seen her work before. Her drawings are large and clear, and the children who paint those that are plain have full guidance in those that are coloured.

There are a good many volumes with pictures of Scriptural subjects. Some of them contain very pretty illustrations; but in all we observe the same fault. At the present day there is little excuse for ignorance as to Oriental costume. If we may trust the artists whose work is before us, the people of Syria in ancient times wore a costume compounded of that of a Roman *contadina* and the ordinary English peasant. Their complexions were of dazzling fairness. It is highly probable, not to say certain, that such dresses and faces as may be seen at Damascus or Jerusalem at the present day are the same as those common in Palestine a thousand or two thousand years ago. Photographs, pictures, and drawings innumerable will reveal them to the few, in these days of universal travel, who have not seen them at home. Why, then, should the artists resort to invention? The author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family* has paraphrased the history of Ruth for the Christian Knowledge Society, and her little book, which contains nothing very striking otherwise, has a series of very beautifully-printed and highly-coloured chromolithographs by way of illustrations. They are unfortunately of the type described above, and have no relation whatever to Eastern scenery, people, dress, atmosphere, or colouring. The same pictures are also issued as Christmas Cards. Precisely the same fault is to be found with the illustrations to *The Sweet Story of Old*, by Heba Stretton (Religious Tract Society). They are drawn by R. W. Maddox, and printed in colours. There is no more special Oriental feeling about them than there is about the cartoons of Raffaele. Miss Stretton has simply written out the Gospel history, which, of course, loses by the process. The first part of the *Churchman's Family Bible* comes from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The commentary which accompanies it is clear and moderate in tone and distinguished by the prudent and reverent way in which the difficult relations between science and revelation, in respect to the Book of Genesis, are treated. The pictures go a long way towards spoiling an otherwise excellent compilation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE appearance of the second volume of the "Grands écrivains, *La Fontaine* (1), gives us the opportunity, which we take with a mixture of regret and pleasure, of noticing the death of the late M. Adolphe Regnier, the general editor and manager of this magnificent series. In one of the brief and scanty newspaper notices of M. Regnier which have been put before Englishmen the writer observed that M. Regnier was "more German than French" in his literary tastes and sympathies. Doubtless this was not meant to convey the impression which it was likely to produce on Englishmen who were not specialists. As it was unaccompanied by any recognition of the work (unparalleled in any language) which M. Regnier has done for most of the greatest writers of France—and which, in pursuance of the plan so long directed by him, will, it is hoped, be done for their fellows—the sentence must be pronounced, in fact, if not in intention, glaringly unjust. No European country possesses anything like such a series of editions of its literary masterpieces as the "Grands écrivains de la France," and though the greatest credit is due to the separate editors, MM. Marty-Laveaux, Mesnard, Lalanne, Feillet, Gilbert, Gourdault, Servois, H. Regnier, Chantelauze, and others, the singular uniformity of execution in the different books and the admirably complete plan on which all of them have been edited, must in fairness be set down to the credit of the general director. A series so solidly established will, it is to be hoped, be maintained with equal solidity. Of the second volume of *La Fontaine*, continuing but not finishing the fables, there is no need to say very much in particular. It far excels all previous editions of the prince of fabulists in patient annotation and laborious indication of sources. We do not, however, observe that M. Henri Regnier makes any reference to the valuable edition of the *Œuvres complètes* in conjunction with the Lyons *Œsopet* which Herr Wendelin Förster published two years ago. But it may be that we have missed the reference, and in any case the omission is not a very serious fault.

The third volume of the letters of Charles de Rémusat to his

(1) *Les grands écrivains de la France—La Fontaine*. Par Henri Regnier. Tome II. Paris: Hachette.

mother, of hers to him, and of both to M. de Rémusat père (2), could not very well be other than readable, because if Henri de Marsay and his mother had written on the Corn-laws, or on quaternions, or on binetallism they would certainly have been worth reading. But the thought will probably cross the minds of some troublesome readers whether it is quite justifiable to fill an octavo volume of five hundred large pages with the family correspondence of three people during a single year. There seems to be something "unelal" about it, to borrow the immortal criticism of Mr. Weller on his grog. For instance, Charles de Rémusat's *frondeur* remark that when he saw a Counsellor of State in loose white pantaloons, and a Keeper of the Seals in nankin breeches, "Je ne trouvais pas une apparence grave à notre magistrature," is very good in itself. But a whole volume made up of such remarks is perhaps wanting in proportion. This, however, is mere grumbling. Mme. de Rémusat is always delightful, her son is never stupid (though he very frequently talks book a little), and the political views of these two clever people are decidedly interesting. Is it true that, as Mme. de Rémusat prophesied sixty-seven years ago, England is going to "lose Asia and be crushed by America"? Heaven knows. It is uncomfortable to remember that Lord Chesterfield made similar prophecies about France at a time when it seemed at least as unlikely that they should be fulfilled. But it would perhaps have been wiser if the book had been brought out at first in a shape more handy and more concentrated. The perpetual turning over of pages, each containing not much more than two hundred words, of which, on an average, one hundred and fifty could be excised without loss, ruffles the spirit even of the experienced critic.

That perennial fount of good things made pleasantly new, M. Lemerre's *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire* furnishes us with five volumes which are all welcome in different manners and degrees. The fifth volume of M. Pauly's *Cornéille* (3) contains the tragedies from *Rodogune* to *Don Sanche d'Arragon*. Few Englishmen are well acquainted with *Rodogune*, yet it is doubtful whether *Cornéille* ever wrote anything better, and consequently whether the whole French theatre contains a nobler tragedy of the classical kind. Alfred de Vigny's *Stello* (4), the most enigmatic, perhaps, of that enigmatic writer's works, combines as usual an almost absolute perfection of style with some other characteristics which are not perhaps quite absolutely perfect. If Vigny is not here at his best, one reason, at least, is that he has tried to be humorous, if not humorous. Now, humour was not exactly the strong point of the author of *Dolorida* and *Le Cor*. As for *L'éducation sentimentale* (5), have we not been told by the late M. Saint-René Taillandier and the living Mr. Henry James that it is the dullest of books? George Sand, who is dead, and who was, perhaps, as clever a person as Saint-René Taillandier, did not think so; and we have heard of persons, not, perhaps, much stupider than Mr. Henry James, who say ditto to George Sand. "Genuinum fragrat in illis" is the only advice that can be given to the sons of Philistia as to these curious volumes, and they may take it in what sense they like. As for the new instalment of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly's collected works (6, 7), it does not, we must confess, alter our opinion that he is rated a good deal too high as a master of style by some young French critics. But it also supplies fresh testimony to the effect that his power over the language is by no means to be rated low.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Magazine of Art for 1884 (Cassell & Co.) makes a volume which is decidedly creditable both to the firm which publishes it at such a moderate price, and to the public which makes its publication possible as a matter of business. We do not know any artistic periodical which can show a better level of workmanship in its illustrations, with an equal variety in the technical methods used and the subjects dealt with. A certain amount of commonplace must be allowed for in a volume of this kind. All tastes have to be consulted, and, accordingly, *The Magazine of Art* has to give every now and then a serenader, or an insinuating young man with a cock in his moustache making love, or a good old-fashioned historical "machine," such as Glindoni's "Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne," each with its appropriate paragraph of gush. But these platitudes are the exception, and, for the most part, both articles and drawings deal with something worth hearing about or looking at.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. E. Colville is a writer of travels who has not sufficiently appreciated Coleridge's admirable advice to authors of his class to take Dampier as a model. His *Accursed Land; or, First Steps on the Water Way to Edom* (Sampson Low) contains a great deal more about Colonel Colville than about the country he went over, and it is written in a rollicking tone which becomes

dreadfully tedious. The author had an offer from the Palestine Channel Syndicate to direct a surveying expedition in their service. The scheme broke down owing to the opposition of the Porte, but Colonel Colville was not to be frightened from his adventure by a malignant and a turbaned Turk. He, therefore, hunted up a brother officer as eager for an enterprise as himself, and the two started with an English servant to survey the Wady Arabah. They had many difficulties with their Bedoween guides, but no serious misadventure, and finally after roaming about, taking elevations, and picking up specimens or general information around the edge of the Plateau of El Tih, they got safe to Suez. After reading Colonel Colville we have conceived a profound desire never to see the Plateau of El Tih, and never to come within sight of its inhabitants. Like almost everybody else who has known the interesting Bedoween, Colonel Colville reports that he is often a shameless beggar or an impudent and cowardly bully. Perhaps our author was prejudiced by the raciality of the guides he hired at Akabah, and speaks from a limited experience; but other travellers have been led to form the same opinion.

After making the reservation that we use the word in the best sense, we can only call Mr. Lucien Wolf's *Life of Sir Moses Montefiore* (Murray) a piece of bookmaking. It is a "Centennial Biography"—that is to say, it is a species of enlarged newspaper article got up for the occasion. Although, however, a notice of this kind can have little real biographical interest, Mr. Wolf has done his work as well as the conditions would allow him. After reading the book we have no better acquaintance with Sir Moses than before, but at least we do know more or less what has happened to him. Mr. Wolf gives his dates carefully, and doubtless accurately; and he writes with a commendable absence of gush, and even of the angry feeling which he might very pardonably show in some passages of his book. His references to public affairs are generally accurate, though he is wrong in saying that Sir Charles Napier was in command of the naval force blockading Alexandria during the Syrian War. He should have said Admiral Stopford.

Under title of *Persian for Travellers* (Trübner & Co.) Mr. Alexander Finn, H.B.M. Consul at Resht, has produced a neat-looking oblong book composed of an exceedingly brief grammar and a vocabulary. The author describes it himself as a "work of no pretensions," and "essentially a work for beginners."

Good Stories for Man and other Animals is the title of a volume of Charles Reade's short stories published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

The remarkable series of articles on the military forces of our Indian feudatories which lately appeared in the *Times* has been published under the title of *The Armies of the Native States of India* (Chapman & Hall). The subject is one of such importance to every Englishman who will give himself the trouble to think that it ought to be unnecessary to recommend the work to general attention. It is enough to say that it is convenient in shape and size, smooth to the touch, well printed, and supplied with an adequate map.

With Hicks Pasha in the Soudan, by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is a disappointing book. It professes to be an account of the Senaar campaign in 1883, but in point of fact the author has not much to say about the actual military operations. He saw very little of them, having been invalided back to Cairo after Hicks Pasha's first successful engagement. Much the greater part of his volume is, therefore, necessarily devoted to the journey of the English officers from Suakin to Berber, and thence by the Nile to Khartoum. Not a little of Colonel Colborne's space is taken up by mere padding, much of it quotation of scraps of Latin or poetry, and even one bit of Greek, all rather in the sporting-reporter style. After deducting what is strictly speaking "skip," a certain amount of useful information does remain. Colonel Colborne speaks well of the good-humour, obedience, and even, though less warmly, of the courage of the Egyptian soldiers who fought under Hicks Pasha. To be sure, he points out that they were officered by Turks, which accounts for something. He abtains carefully from criticizing his late leader; but he shows tolerably clearly that he suspects that grave faults of generalship on the part of the English Pasha had much to do with causing the disaster near El Obeid. Finally, Colonel Colborne, like almost every other officer of experience, decides against the Nile route chosen for Lord Wolseley's expedition, and asserts the superior advantages of the overland road from Suakin to Berber.

Success in making money is in itself such a charming thing to look at, and is becoming so rare in these evil times, that it is not wonderful to see a second edition of *Fortunate Men*, being "a curious collection of rich men's mottoes and great men's watchwords" (John Hogg), and also a second edition of *Plodding On; the Jog-trot to Fame and Fortune* (John Hogg). Mr. Henry Morley has added a volume of *Medieval Tales* to his Universal Library (Routledge & Sons). It contains "Archbishop Turpin," a selection from Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, extracts from the *Gesta Romanorum*, and a translation of the Faust legend. We have received a copy of Colonel Sir F. Bolton on the *London Water Supply*, published as a handbook by the Executive Council of the International Health Exhibition.

The exclamation of the intelligent reader who sees "fourteenth edition" on the title-page of a new issue of the *Bon Gaultier*

(2) *Correspondance de M. de Rémusat*. Publiée par Paul de Rémusat. Tome III. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1834.

(3) *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire—Théâtre de P. Corneille*. Tome V. Paris: Lemerre.

(4) *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire—Stello*. Par Alfred de Vigny. Paris: Lemerre.

(5) *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire—L'éducation sentimentale*. Par M. Flaubert. 2 vols. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire—L'amour impossible*. Par M. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Petite Bibliothèque littéraire—La bague d'Annibal*. Par M. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Lemerre.

Ballads (Blackwood & Sons) will be, "What! only fourteenth?" That the book is the best of its kind since *Rejected Addresses*, and with that volume makes something like a species by itself, is not likely to be denied by anybody competent to appreciate it. We have seen it in forms which seemed to be fairer, which were certainly squarer. But in any form it is welcome.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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October, 1884.

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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1884:

Total Funds	£3,148,166
Total Annual Income	£343,271
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,375,688
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,347

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

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Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders about ..	£375,000
Other Funds exceed	£1,000,000
TOTAL INVESTED FUNDS UPWARDS OF TWO MILLIONS.	
Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,600,000
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INCOME AND FUNDS (1883).

Fire Premiums
Life Premiums	£320,000
Interest	181,000
Accumulated Funds	194,000
	£2,890,000

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12,223. Help is asked for the case of a BLIND GIRL, aged 11, who holds a Gardner Scholarship of £40 per annum at the Norwood Blind College, but £20 per annum beyond this is required to keep her there, probably for six years. The Guardians have promised £10 a year. The education is expensive, but more than eighty per cent. of the Pupils become self-supporting, while without it they would always be dependent. The father and mother in this case are both in bad health; his earnings are never more than £1 5s. a week, and there are three other young children; the utmost they can do therefore with this child is to provide for her during the vacations.

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12,182. An East End Committee desires to raise a sum of £9 2s. as a pension of 7s. a week for six months for an OLD SILK WEAVER and his WIFE, each 78 years old. The wife is unable to work owing to an accident; the man can earn scarcely anything. He was for fifty years in a benefit club, which broke up five years ago. One of his sons has promised to, a week if a pension can be raised, and a grandson 6d. a week; the other relatives are unable to promise anything definite, but will help to the extent of their means with food, &c.

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